

Mexico Old And New:
A Wonderland
(1897)



Sullivan Holman McColleston

MEXICO

Old and New

A WONDER-LAND

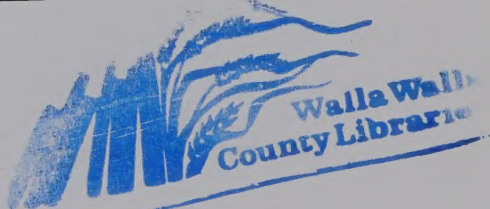
BY

SULLIVAN HOLMAN MCCOLLESTER

AUTHOR OF "AFTER-THOUGHTS OF FOREIGN LANDS AND CAPITAL CITIES,"
"BABYLON AND NINEVEH THROUGH AMERICAN EYES," AND
"ROUND THE GLOBE IN OLD AND NEW PATHS."

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BOSTON:

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

1897.

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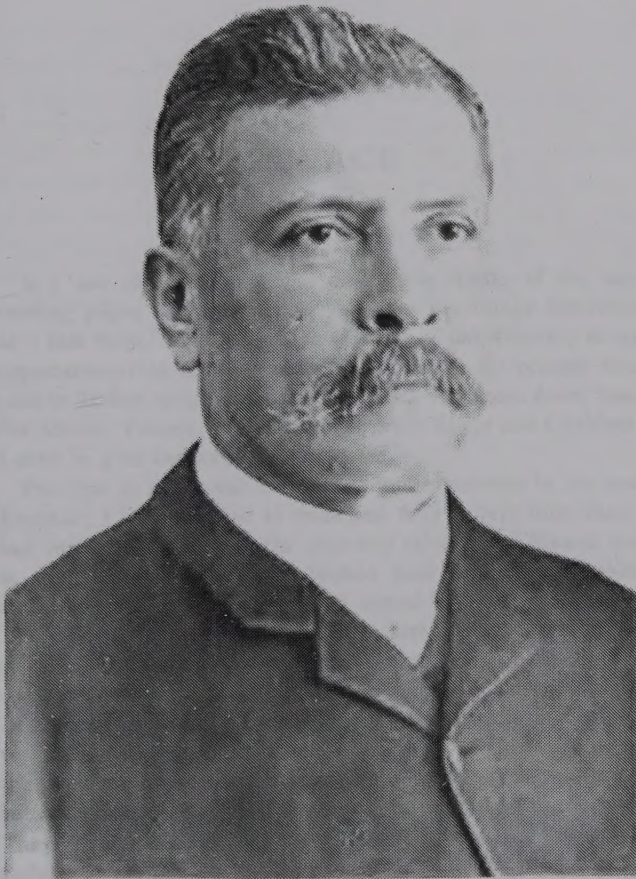
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PORFIRIO DIAZ,

President of the Republic of Mexico.

PREFACE.

If I am so fortunate as to enable the reader of the succeeding pages through mental vision to see things somewhat as I saw them, and to learn the fact, as I did, contrary to my expectation, that the best blood of Mexico at the present time runs in Indian veins, not Castilian, which has come down from the Aztecs, Toltecs, and, perchance, from Egypt and Chaldaea, I shall be glad and amply remunerated.

Previous to my recent wanderings and experience in the new Republic, I had been led to think and fully believe from what I had read and heard that the hope and salvation of Mexico was in the hands of those who looked back to Spain as their mother-country; but I found the actual to be far otherwise. The talent and promise are confined almost exclusively to the so-called Indians. The term Indian has been misleading to our northern people, causing them to judge the natives there to be somewhat similar to the Blackfoot, or Pequoid of Oregon, yet far more degraded. From the advent of Cortez into the country they have been pictured by the Spaniards as a most barbarous and degraded race, pests and burdens to the land. They were made slaves by the Spanish lords, and by their endurance and fortitude they have proved themselves of noble extraction. Their ancestors achieved wondrous works in the way of building pyramids on a grander scale than any on the

banks of the Nile, and temples as marvelous as those whose ruins are now by the Euphrates and Tigris rivers. Their cities were on a magnificent scale. The structures of the Spaniards in the land are not comparable to those which they supplanted.

Mexico is an ancient land. Its history can be definitely traced to A. D. 640, and traditionally much farther back, perhaps, far beyond the Christian era. My aim has been to see present affairs as they exist, and be led to understand past things as they actually were. The physical, mental, moral, and religious have claimed my attention, and in judging of them, I have endeavored to be fair and just. Mexico, ancient and modern, is a marvelous country.

The illustrations were taken by an accompanying friend, Benj. F. Freeman of Somerville, Mass., who is a professional artist and photographer. I know the pictures are true to life.

My object has not been to make this an exhaustive work, but simply sketchy, cheery, instructive, and helpful to mind and heart. As it goes forth on its mission, should it prove to be such, abundant will be the reward of the Author.

MAPLESIDE, MARLBOROUGH, N. H.,

1897.

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MEXICO.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE WING TO MEXICO.

The very word travel signifies not ease but a deal of travail; so we found it in reaching Mexico. On leaving the Empire City in February the morning was crisp and sparkling, the mercury was dipping far below zero, the runners and wheels in the streets were creaking "It is cold." As more than a hundred excursionists rushed into the warm and delightful Pullman cars, how they rejoiced that they were bound for southern lands and warmer suns. As the train reached the City of Brotherly Love, the icy shackles had been loosened considerably. Why not? No other element in God's economy works such wonders as love. As the iron steed took us through the Monumental City, we thought of the noble braves who spilt the first blood at the opening of the Rebellion to save the Union. Arriving at the Federal City and contrasting it with the capitals of other countries, we realized that it lost nothing by the comparison. Truly it is one of the fairest cities. In no other have so many righteous laws been

enacted, looking to the good of the whole people and the welfare of all nations.

Speeding through the Shenandoah valley, the fact was emphasized that here are some of the richest soils and most beautiful landscapes, interspersed with valleys, plains, rivers, forests, hills, and mountains. During the Civil War, in spots it was drenched with blood and so rendered forever memorable, as well as being beautiful. At Chattanooga our party was taken by a powerful locomotive to the summit of Lookout Mountain, famous for its marvelous prospects and its "battle above the clouds"; it is wrapped about at its base with one of the most picturesque, thrilling, and far-reaching valleys, including the battlefield of Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, the fascinating Moccasin Bend, and the National Cemetery wherein repose the ashes of 13,000 Union soldiers.

Passing on through the Big Bend State, the Cotton State, and the Bayou State, we witnessed many an inviting spot, stirring hamlets and brisk cities, till at length we entered the Crescent City, almost wholly enfolded in the embrace of the father of rivers. It is soon discovered that New Orleans is made up of a motley mingling of different nationalities. As you pass into one quarter, you are made to feel that you are in Paris; in another, in Rome; in another, in Berlin; and in another, in Nubia. No wonder Louisiana should be christened the Creole State, since there is such a mingling of diversified blood in its inhabitants. But New Orleans is a growing city and is bound to be fostered by the Great River.

As our cars were ferried across the on-rushing stream, I found its waters as yellow as the Tiber, grander than the Nile, and more burdened with craft than the Thames. After being landed on the opposite shore, our course was for some time over extended flats and across swampy land. Entering the Lone Star State, we were soon among oaks, pines, and cedars, tastefully festooned with drooping moss. Now and then ranches would be well stocked with flocks of sheep, bunches of cattle, and herds of horses. Occasionally we passed large sugar plantations, furnished with imposing buildings and all the essentials for successful sugar-making. After riding a day and a part of a night reaching only the middle of Texas, we began to have some idea of its vastness. Our course bent down to the island city of the Gulf of Mexico. It is not strange that it is becoming one of the most popular watering places, being encompassed by a fine beach and is never excessively hot or cold, but is well supplied with elegant and commodious hotels. The people are proud of their city and extend a cordial welcome to the strong and weak, the sick and well, who come there to settle, or to tarry for a while to secure health, for they are certain they will be captivated with their city.

Leaving Galveston we were taken from the gulf to Houston, worthy to have been the capital of a state which is thirty times the size of Massachusetts, and by its enterprise and industry does honor to the hero whose name it perpetuates. Moving on westward, rich, produc-

tive fields were to be seen in all directions. The villages and scattered buildings bore marks of a different civilization. The flat roofs and adobe walls give assurance that not long since this territory belonged to another government. Traces are left of haciendas, those large estates owned and controlled by Spanish lords. As rosy-fingered morn turned back the curtains of the East, our train halted at San Antonio, a city of unprecedented historical events. Here the Anglo Saxon met the Spaniard and contested the right to the new continent. Here American liberty and civilization in perilous times planted their standard and held the fort, making it possible for the American flag to float from the Sunrise State to the Rio Grande river, and from the Athens of America to the Golden Gate.

On the morning of March the 6th, 1837, one hundred and eighty-one Texans found rendezvous in the church and convent of the Alamo and were pitted against five thousand Mexicans. The gallant Travis was at the head of the former, and the cunning Santa Anna led the latter. It was like the three hundred at Thermopylae against the thousands of Persians. As the walls of the Alamo gave way, letting the Mexicans within the fortification, it was at once piercing with the sword, stabbing with the dirk, and pummeling with the feet. There was no quailing nor crying for mercy on the part of the Texans as they were overpowered and fell one after another, till the last one died, striking for liberty. After all, it was the few that gained the real victory. The Greeks that fell at

Thermopylae still live, but the Persians were long since dead. Because of the triumph for the right, the battle cry of the Texans has been ever since, "Remember the Alamo." This slaughter was as cruel, if not of such magnitude, as the crucifixion of two thousand and the putting to the sword eight thousand Tyrians, because they would not yield Tyre to Alexander, 331 B. C.

Less than four decades ago San Antonio was little more than a collection of adobe huts. Here the brassy Mexican and the hilarious cowboy held high carnival. Murder, robbery, rape, and diabolism were of nightly occurrence. The howl of the coyote and the whoop of the Comanche rendered darkness hideous. The river that pushed along through beds of mire with a few straggling bridges thrown across it, now runs on crystalline, being spanned with iron bridges. The narrow, deep-rutted roads have given place to broad and commodious streets, lined with brick and stone buildings, and traversed by convenient tramways and genteel carriages. Now instead of desperadoes and drunken wenches, gentlemen and ladies parade the public highways. Instead of the wigwam and the mud hovel, inviting residences are to be seen on every hand. What a transformation! Verily, the wilderness has been made to blossom like the rose! Leaving the Alamo City, the land is rolling; scarcely any sod shows itself. The mesquite, a species of locust tree, is scattered about profusely. The soil looks arid, being parched and burned by the hot suns. Scarcely any rain has fallen here for six months, and irrigation

has done but little towards spreading water over the surface. Could the land have forty inches, or more, of rain distributed through the year upon it, surely it would smile with luxuriance. Near sunset our train halts at Eagle Pass on the banks of the Rio Grande. The day is bidding us adieu with splendors. The western sky is burnished with silver and gold.

We are now prepared to admit that Texas is a state of magnificent possibilities and grandest opportunities. Its climate, varied surface, prolific soil, mineral wealth, timbered lands, numerous rivers, rapid increase of population, and growing enterprise of the people, promise marvelous things. It is not a state of the past but of the future.

The experience hitherto, I trust, will prove a fitting foretaste of what is to come. Ours, we know, is a great republic as to area, mental and moral development. We ought to be so far along in civilization as to be fair and just in judgment of other lands and peoples. We should know the significance of the adage, "The fool wanders, the wise man travels." We ought to be prepared to see things as they are in this beautiful world, and so go out of it at length fitted to appreciate beauty in any realm. But it is surprising, how many there are, who have eyes and see not. This was the case with the aged French Abbé who was met some years since by Lyman Lockyer in the Rocky Mountains, not far to the northwest of our present position. The scientist was somewhat surprised to find the Abbé so far away from his church and religious work. But upon inquiry the

good priest informed him that some months previous he was so sick that the doctors despaired of his life ; and as he passed into a swoon, or partially unconscious state, he said, "I fancied an angel came to me, asking, 'Well, Abbé, and did you like the beautiful world which you have just left?' And then it occurred to me that I, who had been preaching all my life about heaven, had seen almost nothing of the world in which I had been living ; therefore, I determined, Providence sparing my life, to see something of this world ; so here I am."

Since but few can follow the Abbé according to the letter, all can imitate him in spirit, and so return to the spirit land, early or late, knowing considerable of this world, for God has placed the rocks, the flowers, the birds and stars all about us as teachers of beauty, that it might be impressed upon the mind and dwell in the depths of the soul.

Before twilight set in our train was crossing the Rio Grande on an iron bridge. Only a few years ago this uncertain river could be crossed with heavy burdens only on a ferry held in place by a rope. So it is we have ages of stone, and ages of hemp, and ages of iron. The world is always agog, but fortunately it is hurrying on from lower to higher orders ; the lichen first, the lily afterwards.

This river at midwinter is likely to be sluggish, but in midsummer it is often flooded by rains and the melting of snows on the mountains. Now it is but a few rods across it, still at high tide the gunter's chain needs to be

applied many times to measure its width. It marks the boundary between Texas and Mexico. It rises in the San Juan mountains near the Rio Grande pyramids, running east and south eighteen hundred miles to the gulf. It is so shallow that small steamboats cannot ascend from its mouth more than five hundred miles.



AT THE STATION.

As we land upon its south bank, it does seem as though we had really alighted upon a new world. The people look, appear, and talk so strangely. The land and buildings are unlike anything which we have in the states. As our train halts, how the young and old of all sizes, shapes, and complexions, rush towards the cars, stare, and apparently wonder whence the strangers have come. The incoming of a railroad train, or a steamboat,

does seem to excite more or less surprise the world over, but here it is rendered especially emphatic. The customs attract our attention at once, being so odd and diversified. The sombrero, or hat, is prominent above all else; its tall, pointed crown, broad brim, and costly trimmings, render it of greatest importance to the Mexican. The wee urchins long to become old enough to don the sombrero. It costs from one to fifty dollars according to the quality. In cold weather the men must have these hats, if they go barefoot, and otherwise are not half clad. Fashion is a tyrant among the poor as well as the rich.

It is the cold season now and the folk are clad evidently in their warmest attire; the men, who have any, are wrapped about with zarapes and the women with rebosos; the feet of many are bare, others have on sandals and others shoes. Their garments are mostly made of cotton. The majority appear to have good physiques. Their faces are shaded all the way from a light brunette to a dark bronze. Their heads are of good size and their temperaments imply that they would make fair scholars should they have a chance to study.

The houses are usually one story high, being made of brick, brush, and



WELL-TO-DO HOME.



GOOD-NATURED CREATURES.

straw; few have any windows, or chance for fire. The swine and dogs are plentiful, enjoying perfect liberty to wander whithersoever they will, to secure what

they can to eat; and most of them look as though they lived on dirt, and of poor quality at that.

This town was formerly known as Peidras Negras, but now bears the name, Ciudad Porferio Diaz. It is reported to have a population of four thousand, but its buildings are so scattered that the casual observer would not judge it to have half that number.



POOR MAN'S HOME.

Looking around, our first feeling is to pity the inhabitants that dwell in so desolate a region; the soil is bare and parched, and every gust of wind fills the air with

clouds of dust. For a few weeks only during the year does rain fall; in May and June the land is refreshed with from ten to fifteen inches, and the rest of the year the hot sun is sending down his burning heat; so, no wonder that seven months after any rain, the surface should be like that of a desert; still wherever by irrigation the water overflows the land, it smiles with vegetation, showing that the seed is in the earth, and is simply waiting for right conditions in order to grow. The only vegetable productions now to be seen, except in some private yards, are mesquite bushes from eight to twelve feet high, and broad clusters of grotesque cactuses of many different varieties; some of them are pigmies and others giants; some are sprawling and others straight; and some are ugly and others handsome. To the east, not many miles off, are the Cordilleras mountains, and to the west the Sierra Madres, standing as nude and black sentinels, pronouncing waste and desolation on all beneath them.



MOUNTAIN-SIDE.

Before proceeding it may be well for us to consult the authorities and ascertain the extent of the land which we are to traverse for weeks to come. Mexico is said to be one fourth the size of the United States, hav-

ing an area of seven hundred and sixty-six thousand square miles. It is somewhat in the shape of an inverted cornucopia, measuring from the northwest limit to the southern boundary nearly two thousand miles; the northern border in length is seven hundred and fifty miles, and the southern, one hundred and forty. It is but half the size it was before the Mexican War of 1847. It has forty-two hundred miles of seacoast on the Pacific Ocean and eighteen hundred on the Gulf of Mexico. Its coast is broken into many lagoons, but affords few good harbors. Its territory is largely table-land averaging six thousand feet above sea level, yet it is greatly diversified, varying in altitude from two thousand to eight thousand feet, averaging fifteen hundred miles long and five hundred in width.

It has twenty mountains more than four thousand feet high, and nine above ten thousand. Ixtaccihuatl is seventeen thousand feet above the sea; Popocatepetl, seventeen thousand eight hundred and twenty feet; and Orizaba, eighteen thousand three hundred feet.

Its rivers are short and rapid, being subject to flood and drought. Its lakes are few and small but exceedingly beautiful, not being surpassed even by the lakes of Ireland, Scotland, or Italy; the five about the city of Mexico are the most famous.

Were the country level its climate would be tropical. As it is, it has the temperature of all the zones. It lies in the latitude of Egypt and reminds me in many respects of that country. Of course the surface is more broken,

but the soil and productions are similar. The style of architecture and works of art point to the Orient. The antiquities resemble those gathered up on the banks of the Nile. Evidences all about us imply that it is an ancient land.

CHAPTER II.

WHENCE CAME THE MEXICANS.

It is a fact that the Caucasian race afford the highest expression and development of man, and it is well settled that this race had its origin in the vicinity of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers; for going north from that centre the human family degenerates till the Esquimo is reached, and advancing south from the same point, there is a gradual descent till we come to the Terra del Fuegoan. In the same zone round the earth there appears to be a similarity in temperament and development, in color and stature.

Mr. Bancroft claims that thirteen hundred different languages and dialects have been extant on the western continent, and he classified six hundred of them, and found that thirty-seven belonged to Mexico. This certainly does not imply ethnic unity, or that the different peoples here had their origin in the new world, according to one theory which claims that the earliest inhabitants must have been created on this continent, aiming to show that America is the oldest land of any, and that man existed here when the mastodon and pleiosaurus fed the fields and sported by the waters. It asserts, there are evidences that man has been here more than three thousand years. But Mr. Darwin objects decidedly in his

"Descent of Man" to the autochthonic pedigree of the ancient American families.

Baron Humboldt after visiting this land, gave it as his opinion that the Red Indians, Aztecs, and Toltecs were of Asiatic origin. From the most careful examination, it would seem, that the Americans originally must have come from the East.

The Europeans have argued that their country is the mother of them. The Welsh claim the parentage of the ancient Mexicans, because there are traces of their language among them; the Scotch have done likewise from the fact, they have discovered some of their Celtic names applied to the streams, hills, and mountains.

Some authors assert that they must have sprung from the Grecian islands, because the people have worshipped similar gods, and inscriptions in Greek have been found upon ancient stones; furthermore, many of their customs at present in war and peace, and in marrying and mourning, resemble the Greeks.

The Romans have concluded from the vastness of the ruins, the remnants of great roads, old coins dug from débris, and from their gladiatorial combats, that the Mexicans must be their descendants.

The Norsemen have striven to show that our country was first discovered and settled by emigrants from their country. Crossing the Atlantic Ocean, they explored along the coast of Florida and on to Mexico about A. D. 100, establishing colonies at different points which at length resulted in peopling the whole country.

The Africans have found reasons to infer that the Mexicans must have sprung from their country. The Egyptians have felt to prove this from the construction of their pyramids, their calculation of time, their astronomical meridian, from the similarity of their hieroglyphics to their own, and from their manner of dress and methods of warfare.

The Carthaginians have left a tradition and some historical statements to the end, that their navigators made wonderful voyages across the seas and even went so far as to our continent, where they wrought in mines and left parties that became permanent settlers, and so from them sprung the early inhabitants of the western continent.

The Jews have not been slow in pushing forward their plea to convince the world that the Pacific slope was first peopled by the Lost Tribes of Israel. They have discovered likenesses between their own people and the Mexicans. A few years since an ancient stone was dug from a mound, inscribed with the ten commandments ; and this has been counted as strong evidence in support of the theory that this whole land was first occupied by the wandering tribes of Israel.

The Chinese have also come in for their share of the honor in first peopling this continent ; and they base their claim mainly upon the physical resemblance between the inhabitants of the two countries. They believe that the two branches must have sprung from Mongolian stock ; then in addition to this they find linguistic affinities.

For about the same reasons some have argued that the

Mexicans are of Japanese extraction. It is said that the Indians of our country use some idioms peculiar to the Japanese and that when the latter come to Mexico, it takes them but a short time to get so as to converse freely with the natives.

Certain scholars have suggested that this may have been the land of Ophir, whither the Phœnicians came for richest treasures of gold and precious things with which to decorate the splendid temple of Jerusalem, being built by Hiram of Tyre for King Solomon. Inasmuch as the Phœnicians were a seafaring people, it would not be impossible in their long wanderings that they should have come to America, working the mines here, and so in the course of events, some of them might have remained permanently, thus settling the country. From the fact that the ancient Phœnicians had much to do with the Egyptians, Hebrews, Assyrians, Greeks, and Persians, it can readily be seen why the architecture, traditions, customs, religious beliefs and forms, should resemble those of these different countries. It is felt that the Phœnicians borrowed from them and transferred the best things received to Mexico about one thousand years before Christ, the period in which Homer was rehearsing his *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to the Greeks, and Hiram of Tyre was building the temple of Jerusalem.

Still others have attempted to account for the peopling of this country on the ground that long, long ago, there was a series of islands, or connected lands, extending from the coast of Africa, commencing near the Pillars of

Hercules, across the Atlantic to South America, bearing the name of Atlantida. Plato gives an account of it, representing an Egyptian priest as describing it to the Law-giver Solon. The narrative pictures Atlantis as an immense island lying off the west coast of Africa, larger than Lybia and Asia Minor taken together, involving a fabulous history. Plato states that the Athenians, or people of Greece, warred with its people nine thousand years before his time. The inhabitants are pictured as brave and intelligent, far advanced in civilization.

Some early writers speak of the Canary Islands as remnants of the Atlantida. The advocates of this theory imagine that these islands were sunken out of sight by volcanic action and the inhabitants engulfed in the ocean. However, previous to this catastrophe emigration had taken place to South America, Mexico, and what is now the United States, settling these lands with a race of people whence sprung the Toltecs, Aztecs, and the Indians.

Our words, Atlas and Atlantic, cannot be derived from any language known to Europe, yet the Toltecs had in their tongue "a", signifying water, or man, and "atl", meaning the top of the head, or summit. These roots are still found in many words in Mexico.

From whatever source the Toltecs came they were an advanced people. The ruins of temples, cities, and pyramids prove this true. Probably the half has not yet been opened up. It would be strange, if a land so subject to earthquakes and volcanoes should not have many buried cities like southern Italy and Japan.

These people worshipped the sun, moon, and stars. Humboldt says that the Toltecs, as early as A. D. 648, had a solar year more perfect than that of the Romans, or the Greeks. They grew maize and cotton, and constructed irrigating ditches, built great roads, were well housed, dressed elegantly, supported public schools, recorded and commemorated passing events by hieroglyphics and sculptures.

It is unfortunate that Cortez, when he conquered the country, should have allowed Zumerrage and other priests to have destroyed maliciously the records and written documents which, if extant, might give the full history of this people. If they did dwell in caverns, when they first came into the country, they came out of them at length, building and living in elegant structures.

In the course of centuries, it appears, they were driven from this land to South America by the Aztecs who came from the north, and who after wars, restored the land to a high state of civilization. Their Montezumas reigned in barbaric splendor.

When Cortez came from Spain in 1519, he found this people as far advanced in general intelligence and enterprise as those whom he had left in Cuba and Spain. Their system of aqueducts was equal to those of old Rome. Their pyramids were on a larger scale than those on the banks of the Nile. The crown-jewels of Montezuma were more costly and beautiful than those of any imperial ruler in Europe, and, it is said, that after Cortez had unscrupulously captured them, expecting to bear them to Spain, he

lost them during an emergency in the sea, treasures more valuable than the wealth of Indo-Ormuzd.

With Cortez came a new race who went to work destroying the old and building anew. They opened up the mines afresh, erected splendid temples, constructed magnificent buildings, and made national roads. At the same time they transferred the national evils of the East to the West. In the name of Christianity they set up the inquisition, to destroy all who would not willingly submit to their authority; priestcraft became at once rampant; the bull-ring and cock-pit were established in every city. At the points of the sword and bayonet the people were forced into the Roman church; public education was suppressed and the vanquished were made serfs to the victors.

This was an attempt to build up by first building down, which has always proved a failure. Crush the commonality and the aristocracy is sure to fall to the ground. So from the close of the first hundred years of the Spanish rule, Mexico was either standing still, or retrograding, till the uprising of Hidalgo and Juarez, changing the despotic empire into a republic. The forward steps were not taken by those of Spanish descent but by the natives. By far the best blood running in Mexican veins to-day is of genuine Aztec and Toltec quality. Blood does tell, and this is certainly true in Mexico. Therefore, the leading people of this country have not come from Spain, or Cuba, but from a more remote people, remarkable for intellectual and physical strength and endurance.

CHAPTER III.

FROM JARAL TO TORREON.

We are still in the rolling palace. The wakeful lamps have been turned down, for the dawn has brightened far into day, and now as I look out of the window the white sunshine is just kissing the tops of the mountains which are entreating rather for cloud and rain than brilliancy and fervent heat. Here and there folds of dust and sand-hail are being cast about by some flurry of wind. Away in the distance the mountain sides to the summits are being stained by mineral dyes. Oh, the mountains, the world could not get on without them! They stop the flying chariots of vapor and bid them bear rain to the thirsty ground. In the distance I discover a long windrow of dust rising thirty and forty feet into the air, and while surmising at the occasion of that, as our train stops at a



THE STAGE.

station, out comes from the suffocating mass a great lumbering wagon drawn by eight mules, driver and all looking as though they had been blown from

the crater of a volcano, pouring out fire and ashes. It must require a deal of coughing and blowing to remove the thick dust deposit from the lungs. The solid wheels of the vehicle were made by cutting off sections from the trunk of an enormous tree. The bronze-skinned, bare-legged driver looks as though he might be the offspring of some Titan. The mules with their sorry faces and jingling bells and slattern harnesses of leather and hemp, wore the aspect of the Dark Ages.

This is Jaral, a town which has sprung up since the International railroad was constructed. The people, the world over, have a tendency to public centres. I found this the case along the desolate banks of the Tigris river and in the northern wilds of India. As the trains, steamboats, or caravans arrived, curiosity was excited and there would be a rushing to see what was going on; in barbarous or half-civilized lands, the old folk, as well as the young, are likely to be on the alert for something new; all hands are sure to turn out to inspect new arrivals. When the adobe huts stand near the railway, the dusky faces fail not to peer round the corners, spying all possible.



HAVING A LOOK.

Some appear serious, others giggle and make all manner of fun concerning the oddities of strangers. One damsel on the wall-top with her

bare arms, bright eyes, pearly teeth, and her head wrapped about with a reboso, presents a personage as fair as that of Pocahontas, or Cytheria, who might sing Mexican ditties of love and sorrow, and would be charmed with the smell of frankincense and delighted with the strains from the lyre and the zither.

A little further on a whole family, grandame, mother, and children, wrapped in their winter attire, have placed themselves just outside of the home, to see all that is going on. Without any cultivated love of natural scenery, or love of poetry, how can they endure their confined and tedious home, unless they get out of the brush-roofed adobe hut and scan the strangers who



THE WHOLE FAMILY.

have alighted from the wondrous palace cars and are running about whithersoever they will, to discover new things? Do you not imagine, as that mother looks upon her winsome boys and darling girl, she often prays that they may fare better than to spend their days about the monotonous adobe tenement? If she could love the sun that warms them by day and the moon that scarfs the dooryard by night, and was educated to think of God and man aright, she would have higher conceptions of life, and would real-

ize that mind can be as truly developed in the hovel as in the palace. Stepping into the house we see no chairs, no table, no bed, no stove, a few earthen dishes and a small clay range that is set out of doors when cooking is done. We can but wonder how they do eke out a living. Outside leaning against the wall are a broom, a brush made out of mesquite limbs, and an apology for an axe. Maize and wheaten bread are their staple food, having at seasons scarcely water enough to slake their thirst ; yet in spite of all these drawbacks, they are fond of their home and their native land. Probably as these children shall reach their maturity and wander among new scenes, they will revert to the spot of their birth with a thrill of patriotic joy. We should like to scatter flower-seeds along their pathway, which would spring up, spreading beauty before their eyes in all the years to come ; or we would be glad to leave with them sweet singing birds to cheer them with melodious strains.

Now the call strikes the ear, "All aboard," and as we enter the bright and elegant car, we recognize the fact, this is a nineteenth century product, while the house just visited belongs to the dark ages. As we ride on, there is no great change in the physical features of the landscape ; our grade is rising, though the altitude is now more than three and a half thousand feet above the gulf. The mountains, however, are drawing in closer to one another ; the lava formations are becoming more conspicuous.

Geology shows that the original rock of this country consisted of granite ranges with intervening valleys, but



DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

these afterward were filled at different periods with igneous rocks, burying largely the granite out of sight and percolating plentifully the volcanic formations with veins of gold, silver, copper, tin, coal, and iron, rendering Mexico immensely rich in

valuable deposits. It is known that it has three hundred and twenty-four mineral districts, five hundred towns celebrated for their mines, twelve hundred and forty-seven being worked, and of these eight hundred and seven are silver and gold mines.

She also abounds in precious stones; her opals, onyxes, rubies, topazes, garnets, alabasters, emeralds, and diamonds are numerous and excellent in quality. Though Mexico is old, its mineral treasures have scarcely begun to be revealed; it is in great want of capital to do this work.

While stopping to supply the engine



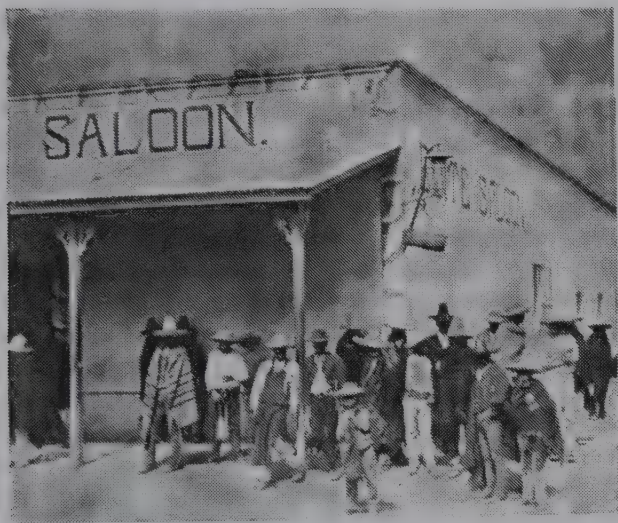
MESQUITES.

with water, we have a fine display of mesquites and cactuses on the side-hill. The trees are leafless, evidently resting through the winter for renewed growth in the spring. So it is, all nature must rest at times; some things in one way, and others in another. The sprawling, scraggly vegetation on the hillside does not imply that fairies and nymphs have an abiding place there. No kine or goats are browsing on the tough herbage. No doubt, ground squirrels keep popping out of their holes to sight the strangers. Throw the garb of spring over this desolate picture, and it would be changed to a woodsy paradise in which birds would sing and breezes play winsome strains; gazelles and antelopes would sport under the protecting leafage.

The sun in his descending march drops changing shadows down the mountain sides, which are as grateful to the eye as the clear air is to the lungs. As we move on the sun dashes burning heat through the windows, making us feel that summer has come, which must soon scatter romance and beauty over the desert land. Really, the sun is a poet and a painter that makes the day a poem and a picture.

Before it is high noon having been in sight of rocks and rocks and vexed with dust and dust, our train rolls into the city of Torreon, where the Mexican International connects with the Mexican Central Railroad. The land around is cut into fantastic shapes. The Nazas river runs but a short distance away, which is spread out through ditches far and wide over the surface, making

the peons rejoice, as they run the plow, or harvest the crops. In surveying some of the ditches, they look as though these Indian engineers had been successful in making water run uphill. Two crops a year are grown on the watered fields. The soil requires only the nectar enrichment to cause it to yield luxuriantly.



TORREON.

Well, sights upon sights keep enlisting the eye. This being a railroad centre all kinds of Mexicans have been brought together. The drinking saloon is prominent. Only see how its patrons pour out of the portal. Some

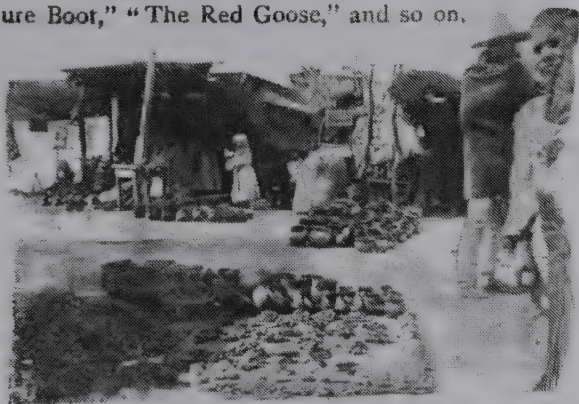
of them look as if they had drank all the pulque they wanted and others, all they could pay for, and others, as though they had got all the fuddle they could manage, and so they back up to the wall, or lean against the post. Perchance, the toppers reason here, as they do elsewhere, that they drink in the winter to keep warm, and in the summer to keep cool. When the appetite for liquor rules, what excuses the drinkers will make, and to what inconvenience they will subject themselves, in order to get their glasses! Then after sipping, how they will eat onions and chew tobacco to destroy the scent of alcohol!

The sombreros are conspicuous and of diversified qualities; then, there is a display of serapes, varying much in cost and style. The class idea is rife here, as well as in Spain, or India. No women are seen in the motley group; they are likely to be at home struggling to earn enough to support husbands and children. What a slave woman has been made by rum! Why will men and women persist in drinking liquor? Pulque, or alcohol, in any form has never built up a cell of nerve, muscle, or tissue of the human body. Ah! it is drank for the exhilaration, the same as the Chinaman takes his whiffs of opium, and the Indian man chews the betel-nut. When the flesh rules, human beings are bound to wallow in mire and glut the passions. The dumb beast is superior to the drunken man.

It is plain the swine have perfect liberty here, as we see them strolling about. The mother-hog makes quite a display, as she wanders whithersoever she will, accom-

panied by her twelve pigs, eking out a living as best she can. The dogs and burros are plentiful. I am aware that the donkeys have been terribly berated and badly treated at times, but truly they are among the most patient and enduring animals that walk the earth. It is beyond my comprehension, how they can live on so little and do so much.

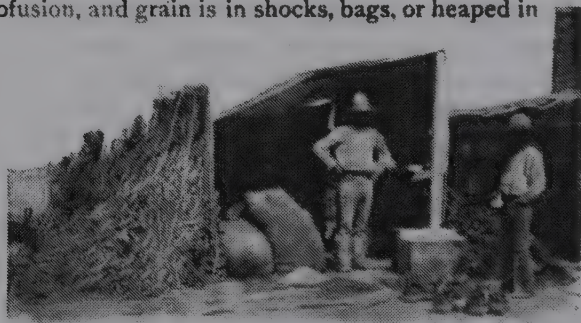
In Aztec times, there were no stores; goods were sold in market-places. Fairs were held at short intervals and merchants were itinerant traders. As the Spaniards usurped the control, marked changes at once followed; shops and stores were introduced, similar to those in Spain; still the natives clung tenaciously to the market-place, and do yet. The shops have all kinds of curious names on their signs, as "The City of Paris," "The Azure Boot," "The Red Goose," and so on.



THE MARKET.

Hardware, crockery, and maguey works are profusely displayed in their stores and markets. The Mexicans have long been adepts in moulding clay into curious shapes. The wares are of all forms and qualities, ranging from tiny bits to mammoth size.

Often in the sale places the goods are displayed upon the ground, or floor. Generally, there are as many women as men in charge of the merchandise. Oranges, limes, bananas, and pineapples are sure to be spread out in profusion, and grain is in shocks, bags, or heaped in

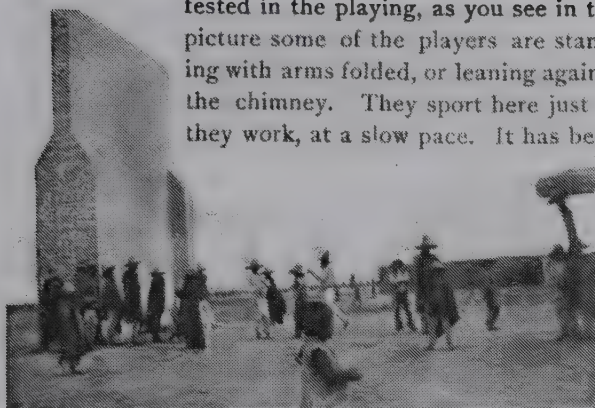


MEXICAN STORE.

immense piles. Parrots and mocking-birds are frequently offered for sale, but it is now too cold for them to talk or sing. The men and women have on their warmest suits.

As we hurry round to inspect the sights, we run upon a ball ground where a game is being played. The boys are lookers on, while the men are pitching, batting, and running. There is not a bit of Yankee alertness mani-

fested in the playing, as you see in the picture some of the players are standing with arms folded, or leaning against the chimney. They sport here just as they work, at a slow pace. It has been

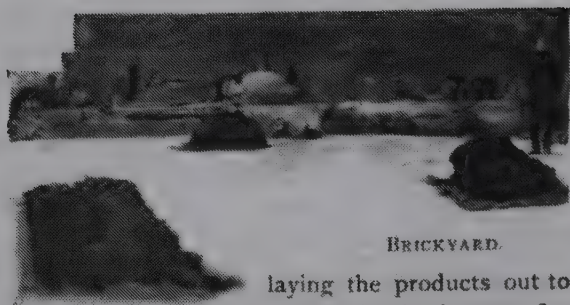


A BALL GAME.

argued that it would be otherwise were wages higher. Really, there is no great propelling power in fifteen or twenty-five cents for working from sunrise to sunset.

I am inclined to believe that the amount of work done really fixes the price of labor. One should be paid what he earns, and what he earns is what he produces. It is false and wrong for combinations to try to make out that a man of one talent, though he doubles his gift, is deserving of the same wages as the one of five talents who works so as to double his powers.

There is something new all the while to those who have their eyes open to see. Lo! here we are in an adobe yard, where half a dozen peons are engaged in brick-making. They are grinding the clay, moulding it into shape, and



BRICKYARD.

laying the products out to dry and harden in the sun. In rare instances do they kiln-burn them, for seldom can they afford to do this because of the scarcity of fuel.

At almost every turn taken, I am reminded of some town visited in going up the Nile to old Thebes. There is far more of the Orient here than of the Occident. Little improvement has been made on the old. It seems to be a stereotyped feeling with the people to do just as their ancestors did. The sons are bound to take the medicine their fathers used, though it kills them. We are now nearly four thousand feet above the sea and in the vicinity of a good farming district. The land of the country, as a rule, is not owned by those cultivating it. As in England, the few own the territory and this is divided into estates called haciendas, and these are sub-divided into farms and worked by peons. In the whole country there are five thousand seven hundred haciendas, and thirteen thousand eight hundred farms; each of the former is from ten to fifteen miles square, and valued at forty-five thousand dollars, and each of the latter, but a

fraction as large, is valued at not more than five thousand dollars. This valuation is the basis of taxation; however, the laborer in the end pays the taxes.

The Mexican landlords reside in cities, or in Spain, England, or other foreign countries, the same as do the landholders of Ireland and Cuba; so the money produced by working the land passes out of the country in exports of gold, silver, copper, coffee, indigo, hides, hemp, mahogany, and other products, to replenish the purses of the owners. Native manufactures have been suppressed by the Spaniards, the same as those in Ireland have been by the English, in order that the Mexicans might be forced to buy their cotton, woolen, and iron goods of Spain at any price, she might fix upon them, and this has been exorbitant; and she has held them under this oppression by high tariffs upon all products which naturally would be furnished Mexico by other countries.

Religion, as in the case of England and Spain, has been made the tyrant to force submission to this injustice. This explains why the country should be so laggard and discouraged.

It is singular, to say the least, that England should have effected the downfall of Ireland by free trade, and Spain that of Mexico by protection. Is not this a knotty problem for political economy to solve? I know that the adage says, "It is a poor rule which will not work both ways;" this instance appears to be somewhat like the nine-pin ball which knocks down the pins but cannot set them up.

In the centre, or in the most favorable part of a hacienda, a hamlet is established in which there are a store, a church, sometimes a school, and always a fountain. This is the trading place for all the peons, working the farms, or managing the ranches. This work is done on shares with the understanding that the laborers must do all their trading at the store, or markets belonging to their hacienda. Thither all their products are carried to pay rents and purchase their wearing apparel and tools. So it can be seen that the landlord keeps continuously a firm hold of the long end of the lever. Some of the haciendas are made very inviting, still the majority of them look untidy and neglected. Why should we expect it to be otherwise, since the day laborer commands but from fifteen to twenty-five cents a day.

The section of a hacienda yard in the picture exhibits the hen nature here about the same as elsewhere. The fowls evidently live by scratching and eating. The pool, or fountain, reminds me of the one in old Hebron, having been built in King Solomon's day, large enough to supply the whole estate with water to drink, and at seasons affords much water for irrigation; the supply is brought in aqueducts from springs in the mountains. Passing into the house in sight you discover no windows. The door is for ingress and egress and letting in air and light; so it is always night in the house, when the door is shut. The long, heavy wall you see is only a portion of the wall surrounding the yard which is more than a yard; it is a fortification as well, against roughs and

robbers that infest the country. It is sufficiently large to enclose a multitude of folk and cattle in case the banditti were prowling round, and when the gates are closed, all within are safe; and from the top of the wall the defenders stand a good chance to ward off, or destroy, intruders.

These structures remind me of the sheepfolds of Palestine and the khans of Mesopotamia. These enclosures



HACIENDA YARD.

were rife in Spain when Cortez came to Mexico; therefore, it is plain how and whence they came. Cortez was bent upon making this land a New Spain. Then instead of living in scattered cabins on the haciendas, the houses were concentrated into villages for self-defence, the same as they long had been accustomed to do in eastern countries. This may work well in some regards and evil in others, tending to waste time in coming and going

afield, and it must nurture idleness in affording fellows well matched and disposed to loiter, to waste time and opportunity for work. You know it has often proved true that it takes two lazy men twice as long to do a piece of work, as it does one.

- Experience proves that these landed estates in the long run waste and destroy a country. The Egyptian empire, the Grecian and Roman republics, the Turkish dominion, are illustrations of this truth.

The cultivators of the soil, to do their best, must own the land they till ; then they are fitted to improve it, and, if need be, to fight successfully in its defence. Chattels never have proved true and valiant soldiers. Let men own the land on which they dwell and they will be heroic in its defence and improve it for the ages to come. But the mansions of lords sustained by slavery will in a short time leave but a few acres for the plow and a small ranch for the herd ; the barren mesquite will supplant the orange tree ; clumps of osiers, copses of oleanders, and all the spicy nosegays, will diffuse their fragrance throughout the olive orchards which were prolific in fruit-bearing two generations ago. The institutes of Aristotle and the philosophy of Plato declare it even so. Private men of great fortunes expressed in bank stock, massive libraries, and choice picture galleries, must work and share equally according to their means with day laborers that sleep in shanties, to ornament permanently a land with enduring structures, as temples, meeting the approval of God and resulting in the betterment of man.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM TORREON TO CHIHUAHUA.

Before proceeding southward we will make a detour to the north on the Mexican Central Railroad into the largest state of the whole country. The state of Durango, which we are to visit, is about the size of Oregon, being mountainous and barren, with a few rivers, still well suited to grazing and raising stock; however, along the rivers and streams there is a productive soil where the white goats, burros, and dun oxen feed and grow sleek.

Night drops darkness around of a sudden and our fiery steed, though in the harness, is not to start on our trip till the clock strikes the hour of midnight, that the track of the railway may be clear.

The evenings here are delightful under the cloudless sky with the fanning of cool breezes descending from the mountain crest. The polar star has dropped several degrees since we gazed at it under New England skies. Venus, Mars, and Jupiter are flaming, as if really on fire. Pleiades and Orion appear to be at their best. Really, who is able to count the stars, and if inhabited as, no doubt, they are, who can tell the number of human souls in the universe? Somnus puts the weary travellers at length to sleep so quietly and soundly, yet mysteriously,

that we ride a hundred and fifty miles, unconscious of surroundings and unaware that the earth is whirling on her axis at the rate of sixty thousand miles a minute. Were it not for gravitation's chain, the centrifugal force would hurl us as quick as thought far off into limitless space; but God rules and cares for the little sparrow, and how much more for every child fashioned in His image.

As Phoebus ushers in the new morning, fresh and beautiful, he fails not to call the rested wanderers to refreshment and the duties of the new day. We soon learn that we are, indeed, in a very large state, having more area than the states of New York and Pennsylvania put together. Mountains are upon the right and the left; the general appearance of the surface reminds me of parts of Arabia and Egypt. This is also a grazing state, cut up into ranches, which for the most part are unfenced. Now and then are to be seen herds of horses and cattle, and flocks of sheep and goats under the charge of cowboys, who, like the shepherds of the East, tarry with

their animals day and night. They delight in their vocation, for it is varied and full of excitement and freedom. The cowboys and their horses are inseparable; they are mutually fond of each other. These boys dressed in their buckskin trousers, showy boots, and sombreros, mounted on speedy horses,



RANCHMAN.

are right in their glory; in fact, they feel that they have got about as high as they care to go. When they have charge of wired ranches, their duty consists in riding along the line of fences daily, to see if all is in order; but if their ranches are open fields, then their task is arduous in keeping their stock from going astray, and every night they must herd all under their charge. After this is done they dismount from their horses, letting them loose to feed, and then stationing their dogs at certain points and drawing their zerapes about themselves, lie down to sleep under the glistening stars. If they dream, they must have dreams of romance. Each commands in this region from fifty cents to a dollar a day for his services.

In the fall after the rains are over, which continue in showers from May to October, the fattened heifers, steers, sheep, and horses are driven north over the line into the States and sold for beef.

The cowboys have a lively and exciting time at the season of branding, when each unbranded creature must be lassoed, led up to the post and made fast, while the red-hot iron is pressed into its hide. It is a cruel practice, but, perhaps, necessary in this wild country in order for an owner to know and keep track of his stock.

Though there are several rivers flowing through the state, the Florida, the Concho, the Pedro, and Chubirca, it is not well watered, and at times the people are obliged to carry water, as freight, to supply families and the engines. The climate is very even the year round and renowned for its healthfulness. Crops cannot be

grown without irrigation, and where this is possible, the yield of corn, wheat, grapes and potatoes is abundant. No other division of Mexico can vie with it in the quality of its grape, which is said to surpass the best of France or of Italy.

Irrigation is carried on by hard work and at great expense. The apparatus for raising and distributing the water is cumbersome and difficult to work, as may be



RAISING WATER NEAR CHIHUAHUA.

seen from the view. The machinery does not exhibit much genius, skill, or common sense; and when the water is lifted by windlass, or the well-sweep, the work is tedious as well as laborious.

The mass of the trucking is not done by any means on the railroad; the burros still continue to do their full share; it is surprising what burdens are put upon the little creatures and how they trudge off under them. Even along the lines of railways, you will frequently see caravans of these burros with straw, grain, and the products of the mines, going thirty or forty miles to market; when it chanced to be asked, why the railroad is not patronized, the answer was given, "Why, it can be done much cheaper by the mules."



BURROS COMPETING WITH RAILROAD.

The service of beast and men in charge of the freight costs but a trifle compared to railroad rates ; so they realize that it is money in their pockets to make the burros the burden bearers. But this does not tell the whole story by any means of burden bearing. Many an Indian man, or woman, is put to harder service than the little horse. It is not uncommon to see them with fifty to a hundred pounds fastened to their backs, bearing the same ten, twenty, or thirty miles in a day. Much of the trucking in the cities is done on the backs of these poor



TRUCKMAN.

mortals. The pitiable fellow on the preceding page is bearing a load of pottery from the city into the country ten miles away ; he will reach his destiny in some three hours ; he will rest his burden but a few times against a wall or stone, in making the distance, and may get twenty-five cents for the job. If he ever sings, his tune must be, "Jordan is a hard road to travel."

As our train stopped for a few minutes at Santa Rosalia, I wandered a short distance into the village where I saw a Mexican attempting to milk a kicking cow, which was little less than all kick. It was a funny sight. The creature and her milker acted as though they mutually hated each other. My chief regret was that our artist was not present to take a snap shot on them ; it surely would have made a ludicrous picture. On returning to



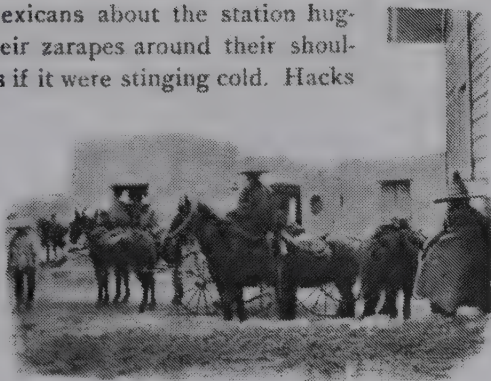
MEXICAN TRAMPS.

the train I fell in with two tramps. Their costume consisted of rags of many colors ; they appeared jolly, as if they did enjoy aiming at nothing in particular and hitting the mark every time. It is difficult to understand what such fellows were made for ; they stand, as you view them, surely having their full share of self-esteem, looking as if they might be related to the man who was boasting of his

great musical knowledge, saying that "he knew all of two tunes, one was Old Hundred and the other was n't." They acted as though their maxim was, "Every one for himself and Satan catch the hindermost." Well, while I inspected them and learned that they had no money and scarcely knew what it was or what it meant, I was comforted when they vanished from sight, recalling the saying that "Where there is no money, there is no devil, and where there is plenty of money, there are many devils."

Returning to the train we moved onward and were soon landed at Chihuahua, a city whose name signifies the place where things are made. It is two hundred and twenty-five miles from Texas and nine hundred miles from the city of Mexico.

As we alighted from the cars the air seemed crisp and the Mexicans about the station hugged their zarapes around their shoulders as if it were stinging cold. Hacks



CHIHUAHUA STATION.

were at the depot in waiting for passengers, and riders on mustangs were there to see what might be going on. A six-horse team was fast approaching from the silver mines, out a few miles from the city, which have been the source of its wealth.

A glance at the city as we were approaching it, showed that it is spread over a large area, though at present it has a population of only eighteen thousand; but it is an old city, having been founded three hundred years ago, and is said to have had formerly three hundred thousand inhabitants. The houses are adobe and mostly one story high. The Chubisco river runs through the city, which has its ups and downs, its floods and droughts. The products grown depend almost entirely upon irrigation.

Taking the mule-train and riding a mile, we found ourselves in the centre of the town. The breezes were blowing strong and in spite of clear sunlight the cold had driven nearly everybody indoors and out of sight; still as it was noised about that strangers were in the city, the doorways became thronged with old and young, whose black eyes glistened with surprise, as they beheld the new-comers. We traversed one long, wide street which is shaded by vast cottonwood trees, some of them being five feet in diameter and more than a hundred years old. In the distance we saw the grey ruins of an aqueduct, built long ago to supply the city with water. It reminded me of the aqueduct stretching across the Campagna near Rome. No town can exist without water, and to what vast expense people have been to secure supplies. The

tanks of Aden, Arabia, cost fabulous sums of money, having capacity sufficient to hold water enough to meet the wants of the city for three years. The old city of Palmyra took its water from the Lebanon mountains, a distance of a hundred miles. In places, mountains were tunnelled and arches, a hundred feet high, were built over valleys in order to carry the water the long distance on a gradually inclined plane, costing enormous sums of money. Water, surely, is one of the necessities of human life everywhere

At nearly every stop made, I was reminded of some eastern city. Many of the patios of the houses were covered with plants and birds, showing that there is a fondness of beauty among the people. If the walls of the buildings fronting the streets remind you of breastworks or barred prisons,

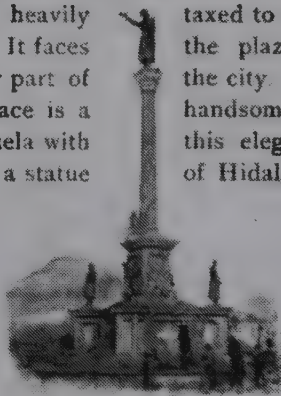
as you pass into the courts, you are delighted with all sorts of pleasant things, and feel that it is charming for children and families to have such resorts right at home.



THE CHURCH OF CHIHUAHUA.

The mint, the state and government buildings, the tower, and a few other establishments are attractive structures. The large church with its lofty towers supplied with its many bells, has cost more than a million of dollars. It is of Doric and Gothic styles. Its façade is elaborately decorated, having thirteen statues, one of San Francisco, and the others of the apostles. The church was founded by the Jesuits, and the silver mines in the region were heavily taxed to raise the money for its erection. It faces the plaza and can be seen from every part of the city.

The state palace is a handsome edifice. In its rear is the plazuela with this elegant monument, overtopped with a statue of Hidalgo, having upon the pedestal the statues of his four coming patriots, marking the spot on which they were shot in July, 1811. Not far from this square is the mint in which great quantities of silver bullion have been converted into coin. This work is still going on. Silver is the hope of this city, and I might say of the whole of Mexico, for silver appears to be the backbone of the country, having ribs of gold. The tower in which Hidalgo and his friends were imprisoned is joined to the mint. As I scanned the stones made smooth by the tread of the patriots' feet, I was



HIDALGO'S MONUMENT.

reminded of the castle of Chillon in Lake Lemman where Bonivard was chained to a stone pillar so long as to wear deep grooves into the granite under his feet. The Swiss patriot endured the inflictions of tyranny for the libera-



THE MINT AND PRISON OF HIDALGO.

tion of his countrymen. It was in the second story that Hidalgo was confined ; as I looked about the doleful cell, the very stones seemed to tell wondrous tales of the grand hero, how he struck for righteousness and died for his country.

It is passing strange that blood has been thus far the price of human liberty. It was so on the plain of Marathon, at the Pass of Thermopylæ, in the rescue of Rome from the Carthaginians, and in the wars of England against the Picts and Scots. So it was with the establishment of Independence in our own country, and at length in the liberation of four millions of slaves. Great souls have been made ready to give themselves to purchase spiritual liberty for the enslaved.

From 1535 to 1821, when Mexico gained her independence, the country had been governed by sixty-one viceroys having been appointed by the Spanish crown. The majority of these rulers were despots and tyrants. Of course their subjects could but long for a better order of affairs. In the course of events there sprung up, as by magic, a few valiant souls who felt they could endure the oppression no longer. Among the first of these was Hidalgo, having been born in 1753 and being liberally educated, became a Roman Catholic priest, and was made curate of Dolores. He believed in progress and studied the needs of his people; he would have them advance in thought and deed. Among other improvements he instructed his followers in the best method of raising grapes, producing silk and porcelain ware. As the viceroy learned of these improvements, he gave orders to have them cease at once and threatened to pass Hidalgo over to the Inquisition. As Hidalgo saw the good results of his honest Christian labors overthrown and his people debased, he felt that he could not endure

such contumely, nor any longer submit to the galling yoke of Spain. Accordingly, he rose like a Moses, bidding his followers, "Go forward." He prepared a declaration of independence, made a flag, and in September, 1810, at the head of a van, he started the cry of freedom. His friends and the people round took up the cry, and it spread far and wide, revealing the fact that the fire of freedom had already been kindled throughout the land, and the people were making ready for a general conflagration.

At once the masses took to Hidalgo; he was a Washington to them. Of course the common people were not prepared for war, being unarmed. The Spanish soldiers were equipped with the best armaments of the times. To make the cause of freedom a success, Hidalgo knew that his men must be supplied with good munitions of war, so he with a few faithful patriots, as he supposed, left for Texas and other states, to secure martial equipments, but it turned out that there was a Judas among their number, who betrayed them before they crossed the state line, and thus Hidalgo and his true allies were taken prisoners and soon after put to death as already related. But this by no means crushed the cause which they had espoused. Their deaths, like those of Savonarola and Huss, only served to stimulate and render daring loyal hearts, to carry forward the cause of freedom.

The heroic deeds of Hidalgo are coming into the full blaze of day, to shame the littleness and meanness of those who put him to death. While the memories of

the latter have passed into oblivion, his life, it is plain, will span the abyss of ages and throw radiance into all futurity.

Spirit has always in the end triumphed over the flesh. I know that physical strength is often marvelous ; so I was made to feel, as I stood in the cell of the tower where Hidalgo was incarcerated, as I saw a spider weaving his intricate and beautiful web. How seldom do we think of such a work, really estimating it aright. It has been proved that a rod of steel, one inch in diameter, will sustain a weight of fifty-eight tons, while a cord of spiders' silk of the same diameter will support seventy-four tons. Now just pass on from the coarse towards the refined, from the mundane to the ethereal, and strength and endurance increase. This demonstrates why the great hero of Chihuahua is to live and be loved, while his adversaries are lost in forgetfulness.

CHAPTER V.

FROM TORREON TO ZACATECAS.

In due season at our former post, facing south and moving onward, we find ourselves somewhat locked in by mountains assuming a great variety of shapes and heights; the cone, the parallelogram, rhombus, trapezoid, and many other figures are represented. The shadows are playing strange freaks and presenting phenomenal exhibitions; and with all the rest at length the mirage puts in its appearance, or perhaps, more properly speaking, it is the curious "fata morgana," a city fashioned in the sky by the sun and atmosphere. Gazing from the car windows into space at just such an angle above the horizon, we see magnificent cathedrals and rows of lofty towers, a wonderful spectacle, indeed! At times the figures take the shape of arcades, vaults, and splendid structures, whose architects are on high. These are but the repetition of the German Brocken, or the famous Ulloa, or the mirage of Sahara. No wonder that before the reign of science, they were regarded the production of fairies, or wondrous castle-builders.

The rays of the sun fall quite direct at this season under Mexican skies, if it is mid-winter in Chicago and Boston. Therefore, it is summery here, yet the mesquites and napols stand naked as they would in the land of

biting frosts ; no doubt, they are taking rest and recuperating for vigorous growth, as the rains of May and June shall fall. We are passing through a prairie-like country, though generally destitute of vegetation ; sand, rocks, and mountains abound beyond description. Our engine puffs and wheezes as he climbs the mountain flanks and the train twists like a huge serpent along the hill-sides.

At length we are eight thousand feet above the sea, seven hundred and eighty-five miles south of El Paso and four hundred and forty miles north of the City of Mexico. The outlook now has scarcely any limit ; the eye scans one vast expanse of lowlands and elevations. The marvel is, how any such variety of surface could ever have been called into existence ! Creation is verily a miracle, regard it as we may.

All of a sudden tall chimneys were seen in a valley, and soon houses, lining the hill-sides, overtopped here and there with church-spires ; emerging from apparent desolation, it was a surprise to be ushered upon such a city, one of the largest and one of the oldest in Mexico, having been founded in 1548, and made a city by the royal order of King Phillip I. of Spain. Its buildings are one, two, and three stories high, and made of adobe brick and reddish brown sandstone. As the train glided partly round the city, we had a distinct view of its exterior and of its suburb, Gaudalupe, six miles down the gulch into the vale.

Scarcely anything reminded me of home but the railway. The surface of the land and the works of man

wore the aspect of Syria and Mesopotamia. It struck us with amazement to find how the orient had fixed its seal upon this land. Near and directly above the city rises a mountain ridge resembling a buffalo, and hence called Bufa, being crowned with the chapel of Los Remedios, a famous shrine for pilgrims. Countless wayfarers have crawled on their hands and knees from the bottom to the top of the hill to do penance.



ZACATECAS.

It was upon this height in 1871 that a most bloody battle was fought between the revolutionary force under General Triverio and Juarez' army, which resulted in a horrible defeat to the former. It is said that streams of blood actually ran down the abrupt declivities, and that dead bodies were constantly tumbling into the depths

below. How true it is that civil wars seldom leave but tombs behind them.

The station is above and a mile out from the city. After our train made a stop, we were soon aboard the tramway, ready to be borne into the midst of the sights and activities of the city ; instead of the burros being in front of the cars,



STREET SCENE.

they were loose behind. As the brakes were loosened, gravitation set the wheels in motion and down we went, the little horses running and kicking up close behind as though it were fun to chase

the cars. Soon we were in the heart of the city and the first object that caught the attention, was the massive water-tank in the middle of the plaza, where water is being drawn from faucets and distributed by women water-carriers through the city in jars, goat- and pig-skins. The water is brought in an aqueduct a long distance from the mountains and distributed with the greatest caution, because there is often a scarcity, as was the case a few years ago, when two thousand out of a population of seventy-five thousand died in a short time with typhus fever.

We soon turned our steps to the market-place which is situated in terraces on the hill-side, where we saw the curious things which the surrounding country produces.

The city has several public squares and parks in which the peons, as well as the aristocrats, spend much time. The grand cathedral and several other churches, are of magnificent proportions. The interior of the cathedral is finished with white calcimite and gold. In 1857 when so many religious structures and adornments were confis-



WATER CARRIERS.

cated by the state, there was a solid silver font in this church which was taken away, valued at ten thousand dollars.

The agony of Christ is made conspicuous in the churches. Suppliants are constantly approaching and leaving the different altars from sunrise to sunset. The masses here are poverty-stricken, as is usually the case

where so many churches exist. The people are obliged to give nearly all their earnings to support their religion: however, the priests look as though they fared well, sacrificing no comforts to their profession.

The mint here is excelled in coining money by no other of the country save the one in the City of Mexico, but business in it was dull: the silver men said that the "United States" demeritizing silver had knocked the bottom out of their mines: still they were being worked, more or less.

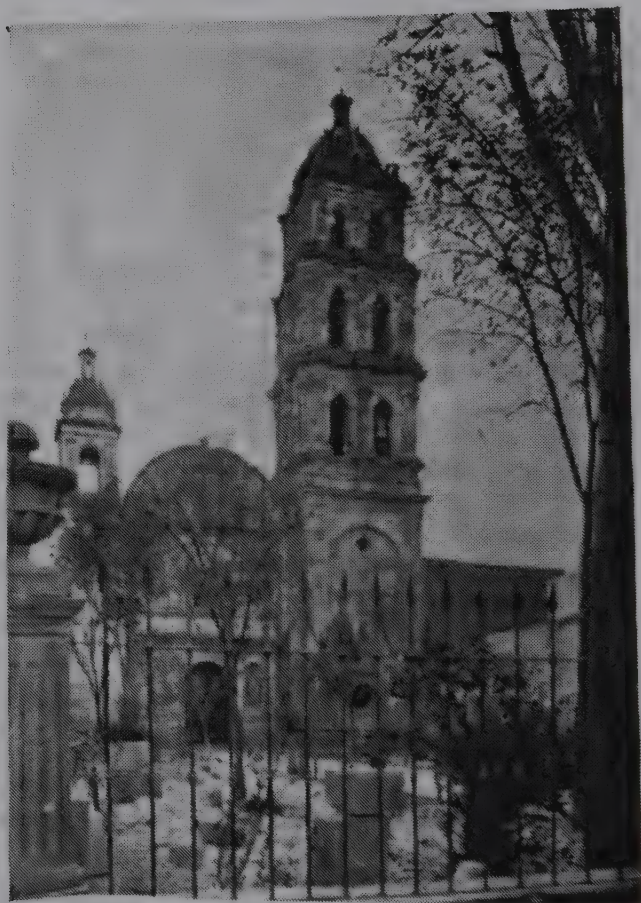
The hillsides around the city are dotted thick with snartries and stone buildings marking entrances to mines: some go in on a level and others down by shafts: some mines have penetrated a long distance, so that it is a hard task to go in and come out, especially, for the men who bring out the ore. The wages of the miner is from thirty to forty cents a day, working twelve and fifteen hours.

Hermians are here, as well as everywhere else in the wide world. It is reported that two were mining here, and as they were one day entering a vertical shaft, the foremost one made a misstep, and fell crash to the bottom, and the one at the top cried out, "Arrah, Pat, are ye killed entirely? If ye are dead spake." Pat reassured him from the depths, by saying, "No, Tim, I'm not dead, but I'm spachless."

Again we repaired to the horse-cars, and were no sooner seated than the brakes were off and gravitation was pulling us at rapid speed towards Guadalupe and the donkey mules again were galloping after us, freed from harnesses.

for these had been removed and put upon the cars. Our course was down a stream, then almost dry, whose banks occasionally opened into plazuelas, or beauty spots, set with flowers and hung with ferns. As we came to the little city of six thousand inhabitants, we found the mangy dogs as plentiful as the people; some of them would yelp out and then slink away, as though they had been kicked; and cats were not wanting. How singular it is that the poorer a people are, the more pets they are certain to have. The cats purred and the dogs barked in English just as they do at the Five Points of New York, or in the slums of Boston. Beggars put in their appearance at once, as the strangers approached, looking loathsome and degraded. They seemed determined to filch the pockets of the newcomers. It is said that these beggars work under a regular organization, controlled by the priests, to whom they daily report and give up the lion's share of what they have received.

We visited the place mainly to see the old church of red sandstone, having two graceful towers, elaborately carved into curious shapes; on our way to it we took in the market-place, which reminded me of a country fair, with booths for the sale of flowers, stalls where bright colored zerapes and rebosos were waiting to be bought, and sections marked off on the pavement where fruits, vegetables, and pottery were being sold. Caution was required in our movements in order not to trespass upon the many things scattered about, for they were precious to the owners because many of them had been produced



OLD CHURCH AT GUADALUPE.

with much labor and brought long distances to market. The venders consisted of men and women, old and young. The eyes of the light-hearted señoritas sparkled out fun as we were passing them, and the mature and old presented the marks of care and disappointment.

Leaving the market, we went through a charming plaza, whose roses were in full bloom, greeting us with the sweetest perfumes as we were approaching the church. As we looked, and looked and meditated, we realized that a cultured mind only could have conceived such a structure, and skilled hands only could have fashioned it. On entering it we found numerous suppliants bowing before altars dedicated to Jehovah, Christ, the Virgin, and throngs of saints.

A side chapel has recently been added to it, which is the most beautiful of anything of the kind in the whole country. Its altar is fenced in by silver and onyx stones, and its walls are hung with costly pictures. Six hundred thousand dollars have already been put into it, and all the gift of one woman. Its doors are never opened except to the higher classes. It seems intended for those who expect to occupy the highest seats in the celestial kingdom.

In connection, also, with this church is an orphanage, in which one thousand children are being supported and so educated as to become useful citizens. In one department are two hundred and seventy boys learning to become masons, boot-makers, tailors, painters, printers, farmers, carpenters, and telegraphers. Another branch

of it is for the deaf and dumb. Such an institution exhibits applied Christianity; it is the Gospel saving souls.

As we looked about the city we decided that health and neatness had not advanced here so far as to get on swaddling-clothes.

But the day was fast waning, and so we hastened to our horse-cars. At once the drivers began to harness the burros; diversified kinds of trappings were put upon them, made of iron, leather, and ropes. Usually six animals are attached to a car on returning to Zacatecas and the station, the grade much of the way being very heavy; but now the cars were so many because of the numerous passengers, and as the animals could not be multiplied there were but five to a car. The knowing creatures resented this treatment, giving them less power and more freight. The five animals to one car would not weigh more than two thousand pounds, while their load weighed from five to eight tons.

As we were to start, the rain began to fall and the drivers began to cluck and say go, and one animal would pull and then another, and it was some time before we were under way. As the grade increased the animals began to balk, crowd, and twitch. As the lash was applied they went up and down so fast as to present a kaleidoscope of heads and heels. We did really pity the spunky creatures, still we endured the siege with a degree of composure, for we knew that our train would not depart till we returned. Had it not been for the

cold rain many of us would have walked to relieve the animals. As it was, we made haste slowly, and after a deal of drubbing and pulling we were seven miles away from Guadalupe, and domiciled in our comfortable and elegant cars, and I trust somewhat wiser and better for the outing. Our Pullman comforters seemed dearer to us than ever, and as we looked them over afresh, we were ready to declare that more genius and skill were required to construct them than to build the hanging gardens of Babylon, or the pyramids on the banks of the Nile.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM ZACATECAS TO AGUAS CALIENTES.

The sun was fast disappearing behind the mountains as our train moved off. His face grew red as he neared the horizon, and his piercing rays were greatly modified from his noon-day glare. He did not appear to be much larger than the moon, still it is asserted by astronomy that were the sun hollow, a million two hundred thousand planets the size of the earth could be placed within it. After sunset night dropped darkness fast about us, and star after star kept burning out from horizon to zenith till the whole heavens were ablaze. It was a splendid night, and I sought the platform of the rear car that I might pass an hour in surveying and admiring the marvellous heavens. The half moon was freely reflecting her borrowed light, offering testimony thereby that every un-luminous planet, or star, has one or more moons revolving about it to make up in part for the absence of the sun. So certain planets relying upon borrowed light, are united into groups and are called planet-systems; accordingly, we have our system which revolves about the sun. There is a countless number of these groups, all serving to make up the universe-system. Venus, Mercury, and Jupiter were visible, and I could scarcely conceive that it takes seven months for the first, three months for the

second, and twelve years for the third to revolve about the sun. The year of Uranus, the most distant planet of our system, is eighty-four times as long as ours, but this is a trifling period compared to the time required by the comets to make their yearly circuit, taking from four to six thousand years of three hundred and sixty-five days. Then as I looked at the planets they appeared to be stationary, yet Mercury was rushing on at the rate of one hundred and nine thousand miles an hour, and Jupiter much faster. It is marvellous how it is possible to keep up such order as exists throughout infinite space amidst such diversity of size, motion, and velocity. If only one of the vast number should break loose from its orbit, what chaos and destruction would at once follow!

The beautiful Pleiades was modestly letting fall her light apparently from seven stars, yet it is said that one of them, Alcyone, blazes with twelve hundred times the light of our sun. What a sun! and yet there are still greater ones. Were Pleiades blotted out at any moment it would not be known upon the earth for seven hundred years, for it takes that time for light to travel from it to the earth. It is now known that Alcyone is the centre of the solar-system, requiring the sun and planets twenty million years to revolve about it.

The Polar-star had apparently fallen several degrees towards the horizon. Orion was nearly overhead, and new stars kept rising to view from the south. It really seems strange that the heavens are not more observed and studied. It is a question, if as much attention is

being given to them, as there was anciently on the plains of Shinar and the sands of Egypt. Of course we have more knowledge of the stars, for the old astronomers bequeathed us their astronomical wisdom, and much more has been added thereto. We have no evidence, they knew that there are eighteen million of suns belonging to our firmament, and that more than four thousand such firmaments are made visible through the telescope, and as its powers have been multiplied, so have new discoveries been made.

As I watched the stars, it seemed that a cultivated mind could not contemplate, having carefully observed the azure canopy, without recognizing Him who is greater than all. Indeed, that old Persian worship of the sun and stars was not a gross idolatry when we consider the age in which it took place. It was the earnest solicitation of the soul to discover the Creator through the vista of nature, and so did the next best thing in adoring the heavenly bodies. But since God has been revealed to us by divine announcement, we do not study the heavens to ascertain the reality of His existence, but rather to ascertain the extent of His dominion, the perfection of His manifestations, and how all things are protected and preserved by his guardianship.

"The heavens declare the glory of God!" We ought, then, to listen to their proclamation. "The firmament showeth His handiwork!" Therefore, we should admire its perfection and beauty. "Day unto day uttereth speech!" For this reason we should give audience to

His instructions. "Night unto night showeth knowledge!" Wherefore, we should not fail to peruse His vaulted records above us, and we should learn how the greatest possible diversity is circumscribed by Infinite Unity. Thus wrapped about by His greatness, filled with His goodness, guided by His wisdom, and transfigured by His beauty, what soul can desist from loving and adoring Him who opens the gates of the morning and drops the curtains of night, and glows the whole universe with the splendors of suns and burning worlds!

Oh, how sweet at the close of day to bow and worship, withdrawing from the dust-heaps of worldly care, discontent, and lost hopes, gathering up diamond thoughts of the All-wise and All-good, fixing them lastingly in the mind!

Aguas Calientes was reached as the watch marked the hour of ten, and so under the mellow starlight sweet sleep soon enfolded the weary travellers and all was still, till the glints of the morning rushed over the mountain tops, introducing the fairest day, bidding us go forth to witness the common and peculiar things of the city whose name signifies "hot



STATION OF AGUAS CALIENTES.

water," indicating how and why this city should be so famous.

As we first looked out of the window, flocks of black-birds were feeding on the campus close at hand upon seeds which had blown from the freight cars. They appeared to be very tame, and sent out the same notes they are wont to, when they come to New England in the spring. They reminded me of home in the early May days.

Even before our toilet was done native men and women, boys and girls, were thick upon both sides of our train, holding up doilies, tablespreads, mantillas, and other lace-work; and by the time we were through breakfast, throngs of natives were pressing around, importuning the new comers to invest generously in their silk and linen fabrics. They struck high rates at first but the competition was so brisk and the venders so anxious, they soon lowered their prices a third and a half as the inspection went on. These articles were exceedingly fascinating and it was not long before large sums of money were invested in them. The mystery is how the Mexicans can make and sell them so cheaply.

In the distance we could see spires and towers, implying that we were in the suburbs of a sizable city. A short distance to the right was a highway being travelled by strings of burros, loaded with grain and green alfalfa; peons were bearing crates on their heads, filled with live fowls, and pigeons; and there were women with babes tied to their backs, bearing heavy burdens of vegetables and fruit to market. Children were scattered among them,

looking as though they had just sprung out of bed and started off, forgetting to don any extra clothing; and some of them had not on so much as a fig leaf to hide their nudity.

This city is particularly noted for its hot springs and its extensive and extra bathing advantages. As I sauntered forth to see the sights, I went first to the canal, not of large dimensions, but carrying quite a stream of water, sufficient in quantity to drive a large overshot wheel. I was at once re-



VENDER AND CANAL.

minded of the thermal springs of Bath, England; of Aix le Chapelle, France; of several places among the Alps; of different parts of Asia Minor; and especially of the shores of the Galilean Sea. Here the temperature of the water was a few degrees above blood heat. As I walked its embankments towards its source, or springs, a mile distant, by ten o'clock there were as many as five hundred bathers of both sexes and of all ages washing themselves under the blazing sun. They did not appear abashed in the least as strangers passed along, whether in the water, or out of it, if they had not a rag of clothing on them. Some of them had just washed their wear-

ing apparel and, as they had no change, having spread out their garments on the ground, were waiting for them to dry.

Bathing here is evidently considered a luxury, being as free to the poor as to the rich. Looking upon these motley groups, I was reminded of the bathing in the Ganges at old Benares, where I saw one morning more than six thousand devoted Brahmins rush down the steep embankment and plunge into the water as the fulfilment of a religious rite. All through the centuries, parts of the world have made great account of bathing. Thus it was with the ancient Romans, Pompeians, and Athenians. The Turks still pay especial deference to the practice.

At the springs the water boils up at a hundred degrees of heat and runs off in a large and unfailing brook. The Jordan river takes its rise in a similar manner at the site of old Dan and Cæsarea Philippi, though its waters are not hot. These thermal springs, as well as the volcanoes, prove that there is the intensest heat within the crust of the earth.



BATHING HOUSE.

In close proximity to the city are many stone lodges for bathing and swimming, where for a peseta, or fifteen cents, one can enjoy himself as long as he pleases. The people resid-

ing here have no excuse for not being clean, for the water is free to all.

Entering the city we find the streets narrow and irregular; the houses are made of adobe brick and stone; it wears the aspect of an oriental city. The people are small in stature, having dark eyes and hair, looking as if they might have been born in Spain or on the



A RIDE INTO THE CITY.

shores of the Persian Gulf. In studying them, I discover that they may be divided into four castes: the whites, that have been born in Spain and other European countries; Creoles, being of Spanish descent but born in Mexico; Indians, or natives of the country, descending from the Aztecs and Toltecs; and mixed races, made up of mestizos, mulattoes, and zambos. The Indians by far outnumber all the others. The poorer classes wear sad countenances, being the descendants of Montezuma. Really they have been forced to wear galling chains ever since Cortez set up his rule here. Their serfdom has been a thousand fold worse than was that of American slavery. They have been barely able to eke out a miserable living without providing any stores for the future. The angel of hope has scarcely brooded them at all, but the messenger of fear has smitten them continually.

Some of the public buildings are pleasing to the eye:

this is true of the governor's house, the principal hotel, and several of the churches. The buildings are compact; so the city of forty thousand inhabitants does not cover a large area.

The windows, particularly on the first floor, are protected by railings of Biscay iron, the same as is the custom in Spain. Balconies are added to the windows above the first story, fronting the streets, which serve as places of lookout and are likely to be occupied most of the time during the day by women and girls. Every house of any pretension is provided with a patio, or courtyard, in which flowers and fruit trees flourish and fountains play. The better class of edifices are constructed of porous amygdaloid, trachyte, or porphyry. The roofing is generally composed of red tiling.

The market places are always worth visiting, being full of sights and curiosities. They offer a fine opportunity to study human nature. The chief one here occupies two

acres of ground.

On entering it, I found the hucksters sitting in the dirt, encompassed by their wines, vegetables, nuts, sugar-cane, baskets, hemp and cotton webs, and trinkets of every



A PARROT FOR SALE.

description ; some of the venders were sheltered from the fierce sunlight by a canopy of cloth stretched over them and supported by poles. In the evening small bonfires are started in certain quarters to afford them light to carry on their traffic. They appeared to be honest in their deal and one seller is careful not to interfere with the rights of another. As I wandered hither and thither, the natives were very polite and kindly disposed. Of course they were anxious to sell, but I found them fair as I purchased a few curios.

Advancing to the Plaza des Arms I fell in with military privates and officers, who were Spaniards and of Spanish blood for the most part. It is not long since, that every soldier here must be a Spaniard. Under the new administration public affairs are changing for the better and more deference is being paid to real worth than mere race. If the heart be white in purity, what if the face be black ? By this court stands the old parish church, a grand structure whose design and style must have come from over the sea. I found a few pictures on its walls of real merit, having been painted by the old masters.

As the sonorous bells sent out their frequent calls for mass, it became evident that this is no other than a city of churches and religious services. A short walk took me to another plaza in which the blue violets were thick and in full bloom. Palms and other tropical trees adorned the grounds. How munificent is Nature in dropping so many charms upon the earth ! Splendid beauties are everywhere. Ah ! why do we not see them and admire

them? Upon one side of this square stands San Marcos Church, massive and costly. In one of its side chapels I visited a school of sixty boys from seven to ten years old, who were, as I entered the room, studying aloud with all the force they could muster. Do you ask what the teacher in charge was doing? Well, he was apparently at his ease, listening attentively to the tremendous uproar. Some of the copper faces looked red from the strenuous effort of producing a big noise. After the tumult subsided, perhaps from exhaustion, I enjoyed a pleasant interview with the teacher who seemed to be moved by the highest motives and emphasized the fact that he enjoyed exceedingly teaching the bright boys. This school was supported by the government, which is at the present time doing its utmost to have the children throughout the country schooled in the elements of learning. But it is greatly embarrassed for the want of means; still more progress has been made in this direction within the last ten years than in all the three hundred and fifty preceding years.

From this school I crossed the street and entered the so-called university whose curriculum corresponds to that of our high schools. Here I met sixty young men who had seen less than twenty summers, having pleasant faces, large heads, and good physiques. In their work they did express ability and much promise. The professors were Roman priests who had been educated in our country and wore the appearance of faring sumptuously every day. They were drilling the students in the metric system,

which is the legal coinage of the country. Instead of giving the price of an article in cents, they give it in reals, or parts of a real which in value is twelve and one half cents; the smallest copper coin is the tlaco which is equal to one and a half cents of our money. There are silver coins in the country, six and a fourth cents in value, twelve and a half cents, twenty-five cents, fifty, and one hundred cents; also there are gold coins, equal to one, two, four, eight, and sixteen dollars.

From the fact that this is a mining land the people feel that their sons must understand coinage. The students in this university appeared very respectful. On opening an English history which is used in this school and scanning the account of the Mexican War, I discovered that Generals Scott and Taylor are not spoken of in commendable terms; they are represented as inferior and mean men. How war devastates a land as well as minds!

The gardens of this city are numerous and most of them are attractive. In wandering about I frequently came upon little stands where pottery was being produced; most of it was of a coarse variety; however, the gray stone-ware, covered with stone-glaze and ornamented with red flowers and leaves, seldom fails of being admired.

As I came upon a pile of wheat in the shape of a pyramid, covering over two acres at the base, and containing thousands of bushels, I could but inquire, whence did all this grain come? I was informed that it was raised in the state of Calientes, whose soil usually is rich and

productive, and, as elsewhere in the country, is divided into haciendas and so owned by a few lords. From the sowing of one kernel of wheat in this region they gather forty. At this rate the wheat crop of the world would be one billion eight hundred million bushels, and should the



A MOUND OF WHEAT.

other cereals produce in the same ratio, the combined crop would be nine billion bushels, making a pyramid one mile square at the base and twelve hundred feet high, or

filling a train of cars which would reach from the earth to the moon. The farming here goes on any way, but little of it is first-class ; as you examine the plows, hoes, carts, wagons, yokes, and harnesses, you think it strange that it goes *any way*, for these must be models of implements used before the flood.

In many of the homes hands are busy in working linen and silk into unique fabrics ; much genius is displayed on the part of many a maiden whose fingers bring forth extraordinary results. Some of their laces equal those of Malta and Lyons. This calling must bring a large revenue to the city. Calientes will long be renowned for its hot springs and beautiful laces.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM AGUAS CALIENTES TO SAN LUIS POTOSI AND DOWN INTO THE TROPICS.

No philosopher has demonstrated how we go to sleep, or how we are awakened, and still I do know that it is pleasant to fall asleep, when wearied, and refreshing to awake when rested. Tired from the much seeing in Aguas Calientes, I was ready to welcome Somnus as night dropped darkness about us and our train started eastward; and when Aurora early called on the morrow, I was awakened in the city of Potosi, named after Potosi of South America, because of its rich mining treasures. It is not a very old city, yet a settlement was made here in the fourteenth century.

We were now three hundred and sixty-two miles from the City of Mexico and six thousand seven hundred



AT POTOSI STATION.

and eighty-six feet above the sea and in a city of eighty-five thousand inhabitants. It was Sabbath morning and

the bells before sunrise were ringing out calls to mass. As I left the station I soon came to the Alameda, where a fountain was playing and roses were emitting their sweetest perfumes and tropical trees and plants were waving their branches in the soft breezes. Policemen were leisurely walking to and fro. Looking upon the near buildings, it did seem that the new had been built out of the ruins



THE CATHEDRAL AT SAN LUIS POTOSI.

of the old. The more familiar one becomes with this country, the more he is made to feel it is a land of to-morrow. Verily, it is hoped that a bright future awaits it.

I was directing my steps to the cathedral, an imposing building, made out of gray stone and tiling from foundation to pinnacle. Approaching the vestibule throngs of worshippers were rushing in and out of it. Services were

going on at different altars. The music was fine and the motley crowds appeared to be sincere and truly devotional. This is generally the case in a Catholic, or Brahmin church; still, on scanning the audience, I was forced to conclude, it is sentiment not thought which rules these people, and as they go out of the service, they are seldom any wiser, or morally better.

In the course of an hour, there must have been more than a thousand worshippers joining in the service, and no doubt there were as many accordingly in the twenty other churches, and masses continue on Sunday from early morning till noon and at times all day, so the people are going to church and returning for six continuous hours, or more.

Many pictures grace the walls of this cathedral which were executed centuries ago in Spain and Italy. It is surprising as to the amount of money that has been put into religious institutions in this country.

Leaving the meetings and wandering through different streets, I found the shops and stores in full operation, as on any other day; more people were in the street than common, for they had come from the country, bringing their produce and buying their supplies, and more than this, having a gala time, a kind of Fourth of July. The market was well stocked and crowded with buyers and lookers-on. The masses wore a holiday expression; the men's white trousers and shirts, and the women's skirts, starched and ironed, and the boys and girls in their best trim, all implied that they were out for a good time. In

the afternoon the plazas and plazuelas were overrun with spectators; it appeared as though the whole city had broken loose from their daily routine, and so were really taking rest. Well-disciplined brass bands were discoursing stirring music in different parts of the city. The



A BAND-STAND.

musicians were in uniform; some of them were middle-aged and others young men, all supported by the state. The Mexicans are very fond of martial music.

Groups of dusky babes would be at almost every door, as I was passing, and overhead, a mocking-bird in a rustic cage. In the balconies of the windows were groups of bright-eyed senoritas with oval faces, olive cheeks, dark lashes and hair, slender necks, lithe forms and bounding step, adorned with scarfs, laces, and ribbons.

Poets and artists might select from them many a Venus, or Madonna, for an epic, a picture, or a statue. It is sad that such beauty is quite certain to fade into ugliness by the time maturity, or middle age, is reached. Ah! surface beauty is as summer fruits which are easy to corrupt and cannot last. But moral beauty endures; the

wrinkled face and gray hair do not tarnish but add lustre to it; what is so beautiful as a grandsire, or a grand-dame, who has seen four-score years, and yet is pure and sweet at heart! Soul-beauty is beautiful here, and will continue beautiful in the fadeless light.

A small Protestant mission has been established in this city which is under the charge of female teachers having classes of boys and girls, and doing their utmost for the spread of true knowledge. Religious service is held on Sunday in their little chapel.

In the west part of the city is the famous church of Guadalupe overlooking the city with its tall towers of red stone. In its façade is a famous clock, presented to the city for the gift of the largest single piece of silver ever taken from a mine. Many quaint things are connected with this old church.



MINERS.

San Luis Potosi is a railroad centre and a growing city. Mining is its principal business. The merchants and laboring men seem bound to strike the nail on the head every time. Gold and silver embroidery is made a specialty by the natives in the way of slippers and ornaments for the head and body; they are quite apt, too, in making pottery, feather and palm work.

If the streets are not so paved as to be smooth, they are swept every morning with whisk-brooms and dustpans. What if Boston and New York were dealt with in like manner? To say the least, they would have an odd appearance. Still in spite of this peculiar cleanliness,



AROUND THE WELL.

common to all the cities of Mexico, the people have not the dimmest idea of any sanitary improvements. No steps have yet been taken towards drainage, or the preserving of health. This will explain why contagious disease and pestilence so often ravage Mexican towns. I have often heard it said that the traveller in this land must be on the

alert all the while, or he will be stripped of his possessions.

So far, I have had no intimation that such an order of things is true. Once, while in the market in this city, I purchased some curios, and, in making change, I chanced to lay my porte-monnaie on the rude counter and went away, carelessly leaving it; and an hour elapsed before I discovered my loss, and then as I went back, I found it just where I left it, and as I left it. As I approached, the woman in charge of the stall said, "I thought the owner would come

for it." Now, if that had happened in Chicago, or in Washington, where people are compelled to chain the door-rugs to the steps and attach burglar alarms to the windows of



GOING TO MARKET.

their houses and stables, should I have stood a fair chance of ever getting my wallet again? It becomes us, who live where clothes-lines must be put upon the house-top to keep their contents from the grab of sneak thieves, to be careful how we slur the Mexicans and point to them as fearfully dishonest. We may well tip the hat to this people and acknowledge that they have been outrageously misrepresented.

I saw several stands in the market-place, where women were engaged in kneading and baking by open fire tortillas, or corn-cakes, which constitute the chief living of the country-folk; and they want them hot, and, as they



BAKING TORTILLAS.

come to the market, they provide means for these cakes being made. At some of the tables frijoles, or brown beans, are furnished. In cooking here, a deal of grease is used; even their boiled

rice is saturated with melted lard. The common people evidently eat to live; their staple food is vegetable; they have more muscle than fat, and so are prepared to endure hardships.

From this city we were still to proceed eastward and down into the tropical region towards Tampico to the level of the sea; we should have advanced farther but the cholera along the coast deterred us from looking upon the Gulf. As all things were made ready, we started at early morn. The day was propitious and the hearts of the tourists were full of cheer and anticipation.

It is exhilarating to travel eastward in the early morning; somehow the bewitching sun seems to cry aloud, "Come on," and there is delight in going on, for the

glow of the azure, the balminess of the air, make the heart bound with delight. Then there was something thrilling in the thought that we were to be borne onward by a force that never tires nor cannot be overstrained. Then, too, our locomotive was massive, having monstrous lungs of fire, breathing out huge folds of cumulus smoke. As the creature drew long puffs, how he pulled us forward at a dizzy rate while the track continued level, and soon put us into the midst of fertile lands, where Indian peasants were bestirring themselves, as if they had a deal to do in preparing the fields and gardens for the sowing of the seed. We geographically were some dis-



NEARING THE TROPICS.

tance below the tropic of Cancer. The palm trees kept putting in their appearance, reminding me of those along the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates. Here and there were hamlets of adobe and palm huts. The skins

of most of the people along the way were quite dark, evidently showing them to be remote sons of Ham.

All aboard were eager to see and ready to admire. To the joy of all, the grass on either side of the train was green and completely covered the ground, something which we had not experienced since we entered the land of the occident. Herds of cattle and flocks of goats and sheep were showing that the feed was delicious. The steers and heifers were red, brown, and mouse-color, large in size, and handsome in every feature.

At times some of the landlords have herds of ten or twenty thousand feeding these ranches. Occasionally we would see large numbers of horses and mules roaming about. The mule is valued more highly than the horse. The goats and sheep are raised more for their flesh than for their pelts or fleeces. The cowboys, or herdsmen, were mounted on their favorite steeds, or mares, and were on the alert day and night to keep the stock safe that was under their charge. Though they work hard and receive small pay, they delight in their vocation.

When fifty miles away from Potosi, the mountains were close about us. Oh, how they towered, swaying their sceptres majestically over the whole region! They rose and they fell; they interlocked and were altogether sublime! Really, the mountains are the beginning and end of all physical things. They mean action and the valleys signify repose. Were there no mountains, water could not be spread over the earth; there would be no oceans, no lakes, nor rivers. Without them there would be no

change in the currents of the air. Strata would lie above strata, from burning heat to freezing cold. Without them there would be no change of soil, no tearing down of hills and filling up of valleys. Without mountains what a monotony would prevail over the whole earth! There would be no Alpine roses, no Highland heathers, no narcissus, nor exquisite oxalis.



MOUNTAINS ON TAMPICO BRANCH.

If the mountains could speak, what stories they would tell of battles fought against terrific storms and splendid victories gained; of daring men that had scaled their summits and brave warriors that had crossed their flanks; of wild beasts whose lairs had been far up on their sides; of eagles and hawks whose cries and whistles had echoed above their crests, and whose eyries for ages had been

built in their loftiest crags! Who can fail to love the mountains, yea, to glory in them?

At the little station of Villar we were four thousand feet above sea level. Here we were preëminently in the land of the nopal and the maguey plant, which afford the people much food and drink. The mountains were now terraced down their sides, showing the results of glacial and aqueous action, and from base to summit the forests were spreading out their umbrage. It did seem as though the Titans were reigning. Some of the trees were immense, and the gorges and cañons almost fathomless. The train was coiling round and under the hugest breastworks. As the eye looked up, with difficulty it could discover the pinnacles, and as it gazed downward on the opposite side, the first sensation would be a shudder, so deep were the chasms, so awful the thought of possibly being plunged into the tremendous depths. Occasionally the mountains would so spread apart as to form delightful valleys, which would be filled with dense forests extending up the sides to the very top of the mountains. Pines prevailed far aloft, and then descending, with the aid of the glass, I could single out chestnuts, oaks, cypresses, poplars, cedars, mangroves, tamarinds, walnuts, and elms. Now and then patches would be cleared and planted with sugar-cane. Some of these fields would be upon steep mountain sides; we could scarcely imagine how the peasants could get footing to break the sod, sow, and cultivate the ground. Frequently I would discover little huts, reminding me of

the chalets, high up among the Alps, where the mountaineers glory in their freedom, making the very rocks resound at times with their joys.

The outcropping stone is largely igneous, still lime rock prevails to a great extent. The summits drop fertility down the sides of the mountains, so that vegetation thrives luxuriantly. As we descended, it increased in undergrowth and became in places jungles, where wild animals find their hiding places and serpents hiss and strike their fangs. This dense wilderness will be made to blossom like the rose in a few years, now that the railroad runs through its midst; its trees will be felled and its timber borne to distant lands, and its soil will be cultivated; for Nature has done her part to render it grand, beautiful, and inviting to seekers after a good living.

We were still downward bound. What engineering must have been required to hang this railway on the steep flanks of the mountains! Now it was through tunnels, and then far above cañons. The heights and depths were sublimely magnificent. Our descent was at the rate of seventy-five and more feet to the mile. The zigzagging was marvelous: the train would swing round a point, giving us a sight of two railroad beds directly and far beneath us, and it would not seem possible that they could be the continuation of our track; and yet, going into the mountains, round and down, and lo! we would find ourselves on them; and then, as we would look up, railroad tracks would be right above us a thousand or two thousand feet. Every turn around the mountains opened

up to us new and thrilling scenes. The Alps, or the Rockies, never excited greater admiration, or called forth more emphatic exclamations.

At high noon we descended into the charming valley of Canonas. The balmy breezes of the Gulf had fanned and moistened this vale, making it an Eden, indeed ! To



A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

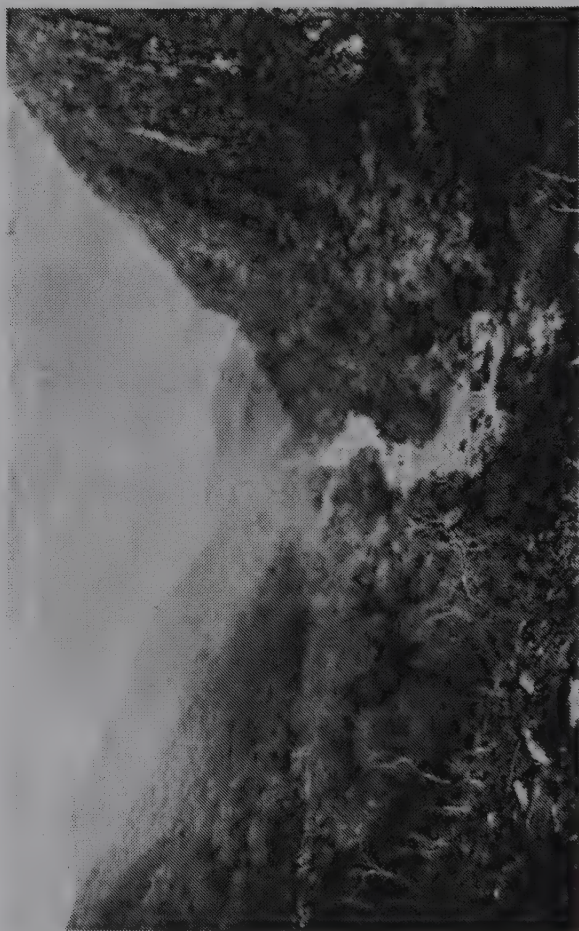
our left and far below us, was the Tamsopa river foaming and leaping down its ragged bed. Giant palms, pale blancos, water oaks, and cottonwood trees stood in thick ranks about us ; these were festooned with a great variety of strange vines ; and numerous orchids were growing from nooks that offer them a setting ; ferns carpeted the ground ; under the lofty woods and among the under-

growth were coffee trees which were larger and more nearly ready to be gathered. The trees are planted in the forest for protection from the sun. The proprietor is reported to realize annually from this orchard twenty thousand dollars. Here we could look up the mountain and count ten falls over which the water in the distance of half a mile fell three hundred feet and finally plunged into a deep pool. Descending to it by a long flight of winding stairs, we were soon by one of the most exquisite beauties



A COFFEE PLANTATION.

of water ever scanned by mortals. It reflected the most perfect azure, tinged with an emerald hue. No opal or precious stone ever threw out just such a color. The rocks, woods, heights, water, and sky conspired to render these falls and pool verily enchanting. It is needless to cross the wide seas to behold falls which surpass those of Norway, Finland, or Switzerland. To express our admiration for these falls and pool, and do honor to him who has done so much to enable lovers of nature to behold



"WHITCOMB FALLS."

her wondrous works, our party christened them - "Tooth comb Falls."

At length we were under way again and hastening towards the last pass which would drop us to the level of the sea. Vegetation kept growing more rank. The houses now were altogether constructed of bamboo and palm material. At the stations the people were out in throngs, being mostly Indians, and oddly attired, but very quiet and civil. The train proceeded but a few miles farther before it stopped and the passengers alighted, climbing up a steep hillside for a third of a mile, entered a portal of Choy cave with a spacious dome having a central window through which the mellow sunlight fell upon the flooring, calling forth ferns, shrubs, and flowers, and so spreading out an elegant carpet. In places, stalactites hung from the ceiling and stalagmites rose from the pavement. Around the rim of the skylight, roots descended a hundred feet, and fastening themselves in the rocks, had grown into rods and columns of beauty from half an inch to a foot in diameter, binding roof and basement firmly together. The sides of the cavern are mottled with gray and brown. It is of volcanic origin and composed mainly of lime rock. It is really a grand cathedral with imposing tribunes, whose builder could have been no other than the Most High.

Returning to our train, we moved on once more and soon passed through a tunnel, and as we came into the light it did seem as though we were surely to look upon the Gulf, but it was still too far off; and, after a little,

the train having stopped, we went out of the cars and down a rocky, precipitous declivity for a hundred rods, then turning to the right, entered a superb doorway, and lo ! we were in another stupendous cave forming a majestic cathedral, grander than Saint Peter's at Rome, or any Egyptian temple. It is composed of two auditoriums of marvelous dimensions. The flooring is stone and water, for on one side a prolific fountain boils up from the rock, as if it had been smote by some gigantic wand ; it pours out of the cavern a river sufficient to drive thousands of spindles. The fairies and nymphs of Greece never had more beautiful waters to guard, or in which to bathe. From the dome comes in the tender light, and countless parasites drop half way down and swing gently as the breezes come and go, as though regulated by some divinity. As there was loud speaking, or singing, the reverberations were wonderful. Bats, parrots, and mocking birds inhabit the dome, and when they chance to join in chorus, they fill the mighty temple with a jargon of discords. This cave, when contrasted with Fingal's, is more spacious ; both are of volcanic origin, however ; this is composed of lime rock, that of trap ; they are both deserving to rank among the great wonders of the world.

After this exciting experience and we were once more on board the train, we proceeded but little farther eastward, for we did not wish to take risks among contagious diseases and malarial poisons, so our train was reversed at the first turn-table. The country in this region is sparsely settled, compared with the tablelands, because of its

unhealthfulness. The natives, who have become fully acclimated, can endure living here. We had no disposition to question the reports of its heat, for the mercury at mid-afternoon was at one hundred degrees in February. Here bananas, cocoanuts, cacao, vanilla, cotton, cloves,



AN INDIAN HUT.

nutmegs, and peppers are grown in abundance; and on ground a few hundred feet higher grow coffee, oranges, olives, poppies, grapes, and sweet potatoes. When Humboldt was here, he estimated the immense outcome of silver and gold from the mines one fourth less in value than their vegetable products. It has been calculated

that forty fruit-bearing banana trees, growing on one thousand square feet of good soil, will annually yield four thousand pounds of fruit; whereas the same space sown to wheat will produce but thirty pounds. On the plateaus, maize and wheat are raised; on an average is



A HOUSE IN THE TROPICS.

harvested of the first, one hundred and fifty grains to every one sown, and from twenty-five to thirty of the last; this is done without any enrichment being used upon the ground.

Most of the vanilla consumed in North America and Europe has long been exported from Mexico. Large quantities of mahogany, ebony, and other valuable timbers, are shipped from this country.

The forests are enlivened with the chattering and peculiar noises of many kinds of birds of brilliant plumage; undomesticated ducks and turkeys are common; the wild animals consist of bears, wolves, jaguars, polecats, cougars, deer, porcupines, weasels, and an occasional monkey. Lizards, snakes, and insects are beyond enumeration.

It is plain that these lands, or savannas, were once thickly inhabited, for when they are cleared, or laid bare

by fire, it is seen that they were once formed into terraces and guarded by brick walls against the ravages of tropical rains and floods. These are now largely concealed by trees and rank grasses. Where, at present, a hut will not be met with for miles, the land formerly, no doubt, was as thickly inhabited as were the banks of the Meander, or the plains of Marathon in the time of Pericles and Alexander. Whether they were peopled by the Aztecs or Toltecs, or races before them, none can now say; nevertheless, the works tell of minds that did conceive and hands that wrought. So it is; men may come and go, but their works are left after them. The cathedral of Cologne, the Saint Peter's of Gothic architecture, which stands so majestically on the banks of the Rhine, a monument of profoundest conception and the structure of the most skilful hands, a splendid temple from pinnacle to foundation and the admiration of the world, is involved in mystery, for its designer and builders are unknown. Dr. Schliemann dug down by the Scæan Gate and, lo! he opened up records of old Troy and he searched the tombs, taking out a golden sceptre of wonderful workmanship and vast proportions, and a crown of gold two and a half feet in diameter, set with costliest gems, but it is a perfect mystery as to whose hand swayed the sceptre, or whose head wore the crown; we may guess that they were Priam's, or Hector's, or some other renowned Trojan; this is the best we can do, leaving them involved in mystery and oblivion. Thus it is with these terraced works; they are results of unknown agents.

In the morning we were enjoying a temperate climate ; in the afternoon we were sweltering in tropical heat. If the alternative were to freeze or be roasted to death, my choice would speedily be made in favor of the former. The people living within the tropics suffer far more than those dwelling in the frigid zone. Excessive heat enervates, while intensest cold may invigorate.

As night was approaching, our train was moving westward and upward. Our double locomotive was forced to struggle as it came to the steep, sharp curves ; had it not been for the sand scattered upon the rails as a dashing shower wet them, we should have been at a standstill, but the genius of man has worked wonders in adjusting and adapting means unto ends, so what was lost in one way, was made up in another, and when the new day came, we were at nine o'clock again in the interesting city of San Luis Potosi, profoundly grateful for the marvelous experiences of the previous day.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM SAN LUIS POTOSI TO GUANAJUATO.

The experiences of yesterday linger in the heart like the recollection of some sweet song, or grand oratorio, or of a visit to a splendid art gallery, or of visions of Yosemite, as the sun poured upon it the clearest day. We tarried not at Potosi but hurried back to Calientes, where a stop was made long enough for all who wished to indulge in another delicious bath; and all were made sorry who missed of the treat, as they heard the fortunate ones describe their ecstatic joy as they swam and scrubbed in the placid waters, tempered by nature's furnace.

From this point our course was due south towards the City of Mexico. For a distance the surface was like rolling pastures; patches of verdant alfalfa kept putting in their appearance; as the train halted, now and then, I saw dandelions starring the grass with gold, and other flowers lay wreaths of welcome at our feet. Often were to be seen copses of acacias, rimmed with prickly pears, ugly, yet full of the sun and big with promise. In the distance, mountains towered, which had been thrown into a diversity of battlements, as if they were the haunts of myriads of warriors, ready to do battle with the mightiest foe.

As we advanced, the soil increased in fertility and was better cultivated; large fields were thickly set with shocks

of corn, and unthreshed wheat was piled in the tops of mesquite trees ; peasants were going afield with their white and parti-colored oxen, yoked by a slit-work tied to their horns and attached to carts with heavy plank wheels, or



CACTUSES AND PULQUE GATHERING.

to wooden plows and other farming implements which looked as if they might have been taken from Noah's ark. In the distance we saw a lake, which was a surprise—as much so, as coming from

the Sahara desert unexpectedly upon the Mediterranean, though we knew this body of water could not be Homer's sea, nor the one over which Helen sailed and the brave Greeks floated their galleys.

Throngs of people were at the stations passed ; it was a conundrum how they should have known that we were coming and why they should have flocked thither in such large numbers ; perchance, it was some siren that heralded the coming and curiosity that ushered them thitherward.

As the sun went down and the crescent moon and distant stars threw their dim light over the face of nature, the physical eye could no longer see the real ; then came dinner, which was relishable and bountiful, served in our

dining-car, in first-class style. After this came a season of sociability; the company was select from highest officer to boot-black; accordingly, there was no jargon, yet, of course there would be coteries which would be naturally drawn together, for "birds of a feather will flock together." Many quaint things were said and funny stories related; serious things were not slighted; science, ethics, and theology were discussed; still, harmony prevailed, for when mutual agreement was impossible, all consented to disagree.

At a seasonable hour we retired, save those in charge of the train, and when morning came, we awoke in the old city of Silao. After the early, pleasant call went through the Pullmans, "breakfast," the passengers were soon at the tables, and, I judged, all had had pleasant dreams and sweet sleep, for smiles were the greeting of the morning. Oh, the bright mornings of Mexico! Shall I ever forget them? Diamonds sparkled on grass and shrub; numerous flowers were being awakened by the caressing of the sun; the flora seemed to be enlarging its domain; the whole heavens were scintillant with sparkling beauty. It is well for us to try to conceive of the Author of these countless tones of day and night, seed-time and harvest, the whispering of the gentle breezes, the shimmering of the perfumed air, the glow of the sun, the twinkling of the stars; these strivings do grow ideas of the Infinite. Do you tell me that this daring and searching do not so much as touch the garment of the Eternal One? If so, I do not believe you! Is it nothing, or mere chance, when the heart aches,

which gives sweet acquiescence and repose? Is it nothing to have the mind filled with admiration and reverence, as it gazes into the burning dome of day and the starry azure of night? Ah! these inly movings of the heart help one to understand the creed of God better than the mere man-made tomes of theology.

As we went forth to explore, we found the natives out in crowds; none of the males had forgotten the sombrero, for the man here is estimated by the hat he wears; if he has on a twenty-five cent one, he is counted a cheap fellow, but if he is donned with a fifty-dollar hat, he is likely to be adored, if he be a noted scamp. I imagined from appearance that few of the women stopped long in the toilet-room before they alighted; it was fortunate if they tarried long enough to put on skirts and rebosos.

The swine, too, were out and running whithersoever they would; perhaps the reason why the Mexicans are so fond of hogs is due to the tradition that where they abound snakes and scorpions cannot exist. The Jew might say, it is because they are most despicable; even Satan himself could not endure their company.

At eight o'clock the whistle blew, and our train started on a branch road eastward for Mafil, which we found locked between lofty hills; and here we changed to a mule-tramway; six little, long-eared animals were attached to each car; six miles we were to ride by this conveyance to reach our destiny. The road was tortuous, following a baby brook at this season, but at flood-time it is a giant river. The hills kept jutting in towards each other, ren-

dering the valley narrower and narrower as we went on. Adobe huts were scattered along the margin of the highway; by and by they multiplied and began to be built into the steep hillside, tier above tier.

This is one of the oldest and richest mining districts in the land. The bed of the brook every now and then was occupied by Indians, who were shoveling and washing sand for the leavings of silver, as they came from the



WASHING OUT SILVER.

smelting mill, or else they were moulding adobe brick and laying them aside to dry in the burning sun. Hogs also were wallowing or lying in the mud, or being scraped and washed for the silver cemented

to their sides; so hogs serve a new purpose here.

Soon we began to come within the limits of Guanajuato. The houses now extended away up the hillsides, looking as though they hung from the cliffs and would at the least jar tumble into the depths below; the larger part are made of adobe brick and the rest of variegated limestone quarried in the mountain near at hand; these are very beautiful and show off to the best advantage, sprinkled in, as they are, among the dull-clay buildings. As I brought the glass to bear upon their balconies, they were seen to be adorned with the brightest flowers and gilded

awnings. Oh! what straining and climbing are required to reach those homes! They reminded me of the buildings on the almost perpendicular sides of St. Elmo, Naples,



HILLSIDE VILLAS.

and of the homes fixed to the mountain rocks at Muscat, Arabia; still the occident in many regards outstrips the orient.

As we rode on, the valley was full of the works of

man. The brook was alive with toilers in the mud and thirsty mortals after water to drink, though saturated with filth. It is

strange what custom and necessity will force human beings to do. In the heart of the city the streets were crowded with men, women, and children, either strolling about, or



THE MARKET.

sitting on little mats with goods spread out for sale, for these thoroughfares constitute their market-place; really there is no other spot in the city for people to assemble.

Now some of the buildings rose up three or four stories, which were unlike anything we had thus far seen in the country. The new theatre and several of the churches are splendid structures. It is singular how costly churches and places of amusement mingle together, and oftener



THE THEATRE.

than otherwise, are set right in the midst of extremest poverty. The priest and governor are arrayed in purple and broadcloth, while their supporters are clad in plainest apparel, if not in rags. A few here are very rich but the many are very poor. The masses are wont to attend church Sunday morning, and the theatre, or bull-fight, in the after-

noon. Apparently the people make little distinction between worship and play; to them the terms in significance seem to be synonymous; they thoroughly believe in sport and fun.

The city has ninety thousand inhabitants, and ranks high because of its oddity and wealth, which are due to the silver mines in the vicinity. Its hills and mountains are full of valuable ores which have been worked for centuries. Nearly all the people are connected in some way with the mines; those working in them go in at six o'clock in the morning and come out at six in the evening, taking them in some instances three hours to enter and as long to come out. The ore is brought out on the backs of men, and the stone containing it is first broken up with hammers and afterward crushed under heavy



WHERE SILVER IS CRUSHED.

stone rollers, driven by mule power; being ground to fine powder, it is then shoveled into a vat fifty feet square and filled to the depth of two feet; after this, water is let in till the mass becomes

a paste; the next process is to saturate the whole with quicksilver; and then a dozen men, and as many mules, are forced to wallow in it for days, poaching and beat-

ing the mercury, which takes the silver with it to the bottom; upon this the sand is removed and the mercury washed out with the silver; and then by heat, or by chemical action, the silver is extracted from the mercury. The process is tedious and destructive to life, but labor is so cheap and human life of so slight value, that the miners are not disposed to introduce any modern improvements. The world is at a standstill with them, so far as invention and im-



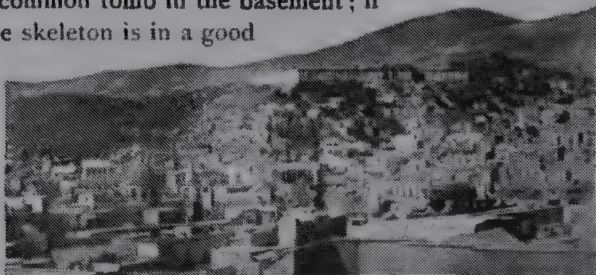
A STREET SCENE.

provements are concerned. One need not wonder, after seeing the place and the people, that the death rate here should be higher than in any other part of the world.

There is an extensive mint here which is coining annually millions of dollars. On still higher ground above the mint is an immense structure known as the Alhondiga de Granaditas, which dominates the whole city. It was erected long ago and designed for a commercial exchange, but since then it was used during the Civil war as a fortification, and now the basement is occupied for a schoolhouse and the upper stories for a prison, in which are four hundred inmates. In the time of the Civil war Hidalgo captured it by stratagem, and after his death,

through revenge, his head was spiked to a corner, where it remained till it decayed and dropped to the ground. From its tower we enjoyed a fine view of the city.

Not far to the west from the castle, but on still higher ground, is the Panteon, which is the Valhalla of the city, or in some respects it is similar to the catacombs of Naples, Italy. The tombs consist of vaults above ground, which are owned by the city and rented for the term of five years, and when this time has expired what remains of the dead body is taken out of the vault and placed in a common tomb in the basement; if the skeleton is in a good



THE PANTEON.

state of preservation, it is put in an erect posture with throngs of others, but if it is much broken or decayed the bones are packed away with myriads of others so that their ends will be exposed and can be viewed by friends and all who may visit the ghastly abode. There is not much choice between this way of disposing of the dead and the method of cremating, which is practised by the Brahmins on the banks of the Ganges.

We found a wealth of paintings in the churches, and it was delightful to listen to the sweet-toned bells. The Campana, the leading church, must have cost half a million of dollars.

In the upper part of the town, or at the head of the main street, are ponds, handsomely dammed back to supply the city with water. Close by these are some elegant homes, judging from the external appearance; the patios and fronts are



TRAMWAY AND RESIDENCE.

thickly set with honeysuckles, azalias, and hanging flowers. How refreshing to pass from the wretched works of man to the perfect and beautiful works of God!

The somewhat singular name of the city signifies "hill of the frogs," a name given to the place by the aborigines because of a vast rocky ledge on the hill above the city which resembles a monstrous frog, and was worshipped by the Indians, and it is said that human sacrifices were offered to it. Of course these ignorant people were sincere and did what they felt to be their duty, the same as the Chinese in the temple of Hanan at Canton do in adoring "sacred hogs" wallowing in the mire, or as the Ainos of Japan in deifying snakes and foxes, or Hin-

doos in worshipping cows and monkeys. Why, then, should we be surprised that the Aztecs, five hundred years ago, or the Toltecs, ten centuries since, bowed before idols?

As already stated, this city is indebted to its mining interests for its rise and growth. Its origin occurred after this manner: some prisoners broke out of an old castle which stood here long before there was any city. They secreted themselves in the mountains of this region and built fires with which to cook, and they chanced to discover, after the fire had cooled down, white metal, which they recognized as silver. At length they revealed the fact to state authorities, on condition that they should be set free and allowed to work a part of the mines themselves, which was granted, and by so doing they became very rich, and were the means of a city's being founded on this romantic site.

It is said that more than two billions, five hundred thousand dollars' worth of silver has been taken from the mines in the immediate vicinity. What a vast amount of silver! If it had all been minted into dollars and they had been placed in a single row, touching one another, they would have reached round our globe three times; or if one should have attempted to count them at the rate of three dollars a second, and averaged eight hours a day and three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, it would have taken him a hundred years to count them.

Now, after all this mining, it is believed that there

remains far more silver to be taken out of the mountains than has yet been secured. Thus it is, the treasures of the earth are inexhaustible. Let them be skilfully worked with all the modern improvements and far more riches will be opened up, human life will become more precious, and knowledge and Christian growth will be greatly advanced.



THE ALHONDIGA DE GRANADITAS.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM GUANAJUATO TO GUADALAJARA.

How fortunate it is, when weary by seeing, thinking, walking, and riding, to find yourself, as the night comes, in your own quarters, which have been transformed into a home through the experience of weeks! What a sterling work Mr. Pullman has achieved in making his cars so convenient, commodious, and comfortable, and putting them into the hands of wise and trusty men, to be run wherever railroads have been built! So after an outing of extreme interest, we were glad to get back to our easy sittings, roomy beds, and our books and writing materials. In due time we were ready to be rolled to sleep, or lulled to rest in the arms of quietness. The mind is prepared for most anything when crowded with thrilling memories.

After our return to the main Mexican Central road, we did not continue southward bound long before we were switched from that track at Irapuato, so world-wide renowned for its delicious strawberries, for a detour of a hundred miles to the west among the Sierra Madre mountains, which are burdened with picturesqueness and sublimity. This state is thickly settled; it is said that nine tenths of the Mexicans live on the highlands. Somewhere in this locality, they seem to think, is the centre of

the earth. They are wont to declare, as did John Herschell of London, that "It is the centre of the terrene globe." The old Venitians doted upon the idea that they were just half way between the poles. The ancient Greeks fancied the earth to be a huge animal, whose navel was Delphi, so thither they went to consult the oracles. Thus the people here boast of their favorable location, half implying that this is sufficient to make themselves great and powerful, unmindful of the fact that it is the people, not the place, that creates the town, or the state. Had any other race than the Anglo-Saxons settled England, would that little island, no larger than the state of Georgia, have become such a power upon the land and sea? Though so insignificant as to surface, it leads the world in commerce, manufactures, law, medicine, philosophy, and theology; in short, there is no spot of the civilized world that does not feel her help, influence, and stimulus. She has produced a longer list of distinguished characters than all other lands combined. Her science and literature have a potency throughout the world. Her Newton, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Carlyle, Martineau, Tennyson, and throngs of other elect, are in the van of civilization's great onward march. Men made Greece famous, Palestine sacred, and Egypt illustrious.

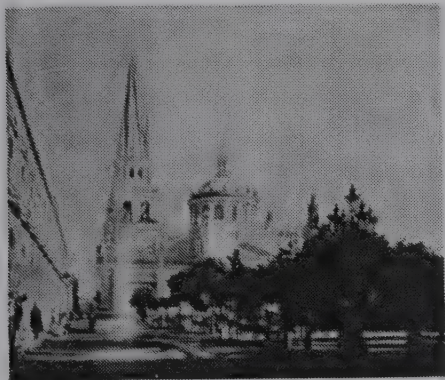
Now our tendency was towards the Pacific slope. The region is fertile and well cultivated. The buildings of some of the haciendas resemble fortresses quite as much as dwellings. Two crops of grain are grown annually on

many of the fields which are sufficiently irrigated, for water is the only fertilizer the soil requires in order to have it produce a hundred, or two hundred, fold. As we advanced, it was looking out, down, and up, the surface is so broken in places. A few hours' ride brought us to the cleanest, brightest, and most delightful city thus far seen in the country. It reminded me at once of Madrid, Spain, and Milan, Italy. On approaching it, the train did not stop in the outskirts of the city, but advanced to a station in the centre of the population. The streets and plazas presented novelties and attractions, and were as clean as a well-kept house-floor. Though it was mid-winter, the climate was springtime, and thus it is likely to be the year round. The surface on three sides in the distance rises into mountains, but opens toward the sunset and descends to the Pacific. On the tramway we took excursions through all the principal parts of the city, passing the cathedral, the governor's palace, the mint, the Digollado theatre, and the state capitol. These are magnificent specimens of Mexican architecture, whose models have all been borrowed from the East. The ride along the banks of the Rio San Juan de Dios is full of fascination. At the Jardin Botanico, we found flowers in February in full bloom, as we find them with us in June.

In this city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, there are twenty-five churches, twenty-five hotels, twenty-six baths, twenty parks and plazas, fourteen bridges, and five theatres. It had no railroad till 1888. It is some

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what surprising that a city, shut in and so far separated from the outside world, should have developed so much thrift and permanent growth. This shows the animus of the people. They have less of the Spanish than of the Mexican blood coursing their veins; their step and facial expression manifest activity and determination. Enter their stores and it seems as though you were in mercantile establishments of Detroit, or Worcester. All the modern farming implements, hardware, dry goods, and



MAIN STREET.

stationery, are similar to those handled by our northern merchants.

The law school here ranks high. As I passed within its portals, I found a hundred students with good heads and physiques, devoted to the study of jurisprudence.



THE CATHEDRAL.

The professors were marked men as to personal appearance and culture.

The cathedral externally is more like a church in Brooklyn or Philadelphia than in Rome or Valladolid. Its towers were thrown down in 1818, by an earthquake, but these have been restored and are filled with fine-toned bells. The interior is elegantly decorated, having many old paintings on the walls; one is the "Assumption," by Murillo, which pays for going a long distance to see it; he so puts colors upon the canvas as to portray in the highest degree the spiritual.

It was sadly unfortunate that the Reformers of the north of Europe made such havoc among the pictures and statues in the churches of their day. They used unsparingly the torch, but had no brush or chisel to reproduce. Protestantism, as yet, has brought forth no artist like Raphael or Rubens. It has scorned the images of prophets and apostles, and derided the bronze statue of St. Peter at Rome, whose great toe has been kissed away by its devotees.

It was an unfortunate epoch when Christianity became incorporated with the state; and after this, Mosheim says, "It is difficult to determine whether heathenism was more Christianized than Christianity heathenized." Constantine legalized Christianity, and at once the politicians seized upon it, to make it their tool, and have not let go of it yet; so two thirds of Christendom to-day ask if an act is a law, and if so, be it selling liquor or licensing prostitution, they assent to it without stopping to con-

sider whether it is morally right or not. Accordingly, the Catholic church allows of no liberty, civil or religious. The word of Pope or priest is law ; accept this or do that, or else you will be damned ; and it has filled its church so full of poetry, music, and dazzling art and sentiment that it allures and captivates throngs of the unthinking and those that desire to gain Elysium without any effort.

Then, too, the world has been so stunned by the loud and many-tongued jargon of sects, it is not strange that multitudes have come to bow thoughtlessly before the Virgin, or Mahomet, Buddha, or Brahm. Considerate

consistency is a precious boon. It will be the millenium when Christianity shall have free course, and so enlighten, discipline, and perfect every soul within its pale.

From the church I went to the prison, which is an elaborate establishment. The penitentiary is the in-

stitution where society puts its criminals which it manufactures. If the people at large were right in mind and



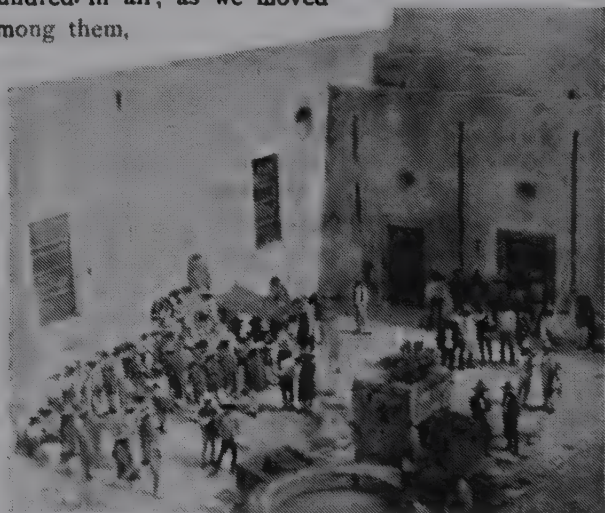
CHURCH SAN SAN SOE.

heart, they would not allow one to fall, or, certainly, to wallow in the mire of iniquity. Wherever the home is right, its children are right; wherever the church is right, the members are right; and wherever the state is right, its citizens are right, having no demand for jails. But society, by far, has not gained such vantage ground; too few, as yet, have become sufficiently strong to return good for evil; their bosoms are too crowded with passion, selfishness, and hatred. It is true that the world is better than it was. It is not so much given to thumbscrews, stocks, torturing by piecemeal and burning at the stake.

On our approach, the iron-rodged door was readily opened and officers within received us cordially. Passing through another grated door, we were in a court of flowers, hieroglyphics of angels dropped at the feet of mortals that they may look up and adore the Giver of such beauties. What, said I, a flower garden within prison walls! I never had seen the like before, and it recalled the story of the Italian child, laid on the bed of death with flowers tucked into the flaxen ringlets, and blooming immortelles placed in his cold hands; he was thus decked for the angels; but when they went to place him in his casket, lo! the sweet child was playing with the charming flowers. So it seemed that the inmates here had awakened to their pristine nature and could not help loving the flowers. The Persian maiden in the distant East manifests her love for her suitor by casting nosegays from the housetop in his way; while the Indian of the Rockies gathers abundant flowers and casts them with gladness

in the path of his beloved. The cupid of classic lands was wont to tip his arrows with flowers and thereby captured his fairies every time.

It was soon made evident that large numbers of all ages and conditions were incarcerated here; yes, fourteen hundred in all; as we moved among them,



THE PRISON YARD.

we saw them engaged in various occupations, mingling and conversing quite freely together. This was unlike anything I had seen in Concord or Richmond prisons. Most of the inmates had their allotted work for each day, and when this was done they were permitted to labor for

themselves and have pay for what they did, which was kept for them or given to their friends, as they might desire. I was told that some of the prisoners had laid up in this way considerable sums of money; not a few of them devoted their leisure time to working laces and needle fabrics and making curios out of ivory, bone, and stone which were offered for sale at low rates.

In the large hall thirty-seven prisoners with their brass instruments and drums assembled and delighted us with several martial and sentimental pieces of music. The leader was a murderer, but a pleasant appearing man. Officers and inmates manifested much interest in the band. The cells, culinary, and laundry departments were in good order. Two and more prisoners occupy a cell together. I was never in an institution of the kind where a better spirit prevailed; there were some three hundred of them sentenced for life. The discipline was good but tempered with brotherly kindness. I could but feel, if some of our northern institutions should pattern after this one, they would be improved. The great panacea for all the ills of life is love. Too long the world has been trying to overcome evil with evil, giving a blow for a blow, terminating in the worst results. Already we have intimations of a better time coming; the dawning of a new day is discoverable; the gleaming of its sunrise is glorious; and the call of the Most High is, "Go bring my people out of Egypt into the promised Land." The myriad workers who are ushering in the good time, are coming in the form of little children and the mature distributing flowers

in the summer, and ferns and fruitage in the autumn among the sick and poor ; or as sweet Mary Howitt, who turned the sunny side of life to mortal gaze ; or as Dickens, who opened the human heart in trouble and poverty and poured in the balm of comfort and healing ; or as Fenelon



ENTRANCE TO THE HOSPICIO.

and Chapin, who spent themselves to redeem the lost ; or as Titian, who painted the faces of saints and held them before human eyes ; or as Handel, composing melodies of mercy to be sung through the ages. Helpers are everywhere in God's great field, preparing for the

lion to lie down with the lamb. Divine prophecy will be fulfilled.

Another institution that gladdened the heart on seeing it, was the Hospicio, which is a home for the poor of all ages. Its frontage of white stone is spacious and attractive, and as you pass through its twenty-three courts, each supplied with a fountain and parterres of flowers, you



THE HOSPICIO.

feel the sainted might be entertained here with thanksgiving. You are gladly welcomed to the different apartments; all looks neat and in order. Those in charge and their assistants are kindly in their demeanor, and the old folk, the youths, and children show by their actions that they are enjoying a good home. The children are schooled the same as they would be in villages and cities,

and as they grow older they learn some useful trade, and in the meantime are trained in carving, drawing, embroidery, and art-works.

Who can estimate the service done by the almoners who support such an institution? Will they not be greeted as they "cross the river" with "well done?" What a pity it is that so many hearts are sordid and so selfish as to delight in living in palaces which overshadow huts, who care not to give the crumbs falling from their tables to appease the cravings of poverty. Could wealth be justly distributed, the poor would no longer cry for bread. Let Peabodys be greatly multiplied, and hospicios will be scattered far and wide over the earth. This institution has eight hundred inmates; the thousands that have been, are being, and shall be blest by it, will bear glad tidings of the faithful who have lifted them out of wretchedness, as they go up higher. Great is the reward of the righteous.

As I went into the leading grammar school, I found the teacher and students wide awake. The master was of Aztec blood, forty-five years of age, and had wrought in the schoolroom more than a quarter of a century; he was brainy and so were most of his boys. He asked what I would like to hear recited. I answered, reading, and so his fifty pupils read around in Spanish; the accent and expression were excellent; this exercise was followed by several declamations which rang with patriotism and rhetorical fire. The professor's son, a youth of fifteen summers, bore off the palm from the stage. There were

classes in algebra, geometry, astronomy, ancient history, rhetoric, logic, and Latin aside from the common branches of learning. The school is supported by the government and private tuitions. The professor remarked, "Oh, would that the schools here could have such support as they do in your Republic!" "But," I said, "are you not making great advancement in education?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "but we are poor and have to struggle very hard for what we get." Several of the citizens came into the school while I was there, showing by their example that they had decided interest in the cause of education.

The Congregational Mission here is a great success. I was told that its church membership is nearly two hundred. It supports schools, and is prospering in its different lines of work. There is a live minister at the head of this enterprise.

This city is noted for its manufactures, and especially for its pottery works, which are on a large scale. Of course, like other cities in Mexico, its chiefest interest is in mining.

It is particularly famous for its falls and natural scenery a few miles out of town. The cascade of Juanacatlan has a clear leap of seventy-one feet. Its power has been turned to driving the wheels of a large mill and the dynamos for lighting the city.

Guadalajara, the capital of the state of Jalisco, is three hundred and eighty-one miles from the City of Mexico, and has an altitude of five thousand, eight hundred, and seventy-two feet above the sea.

CHAPTER X.

FROM GUADALAJARA TO TULA, QUERÉTARO, AND THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Our return to Irapuato was propitious, for the natives were there in a mass with their little baskets of fresh and delicious strawberries, being twenty-five cents a basket, all rounded up with big fat ones on top. The strangers were fast at mid-winter to have a strawberry picnic. Well, as we began to eat, each berry at first, because so delicious, made rapid way for another. Oh, how sweet and tasteful they were! But when the top layers were gone, the forthcoming were not scarlet, but of white and green shades, and acid to the taste; as the middle of the baskets was reached, fern and cabbage leaves occupied the rest of the space; so the inexpressible joy to start with was changed to sharp vituperations. This only shows that people, the world over, are somewhat alike. Everywhere, to say the least, there are not a few who are bound to get something for nothing; accordingly, the dry goods merchant will sell a pattern, as ample and all silk, when he knows it is scant and the woof is cotton; the dealer in coal will give you a short ton for a long one; the miller will take out two quarts of toll, when he has no right to but one.

Ah! "the *love* of money is the root of all evil." Use

money, but banish the love of it, and then it will no longer cripple, defile, and abrade the noblest powers of man. Millionaires nowadays are in high repute, and control the offices of state. They are honored, not for their manhood, but for their money. O money! money! how blindly thou hast been worshiped and how stupidly abused! I ween, that when one comes to the gate ajar, he will not be asked, How much wealth have you brought? but rather, How much character? How much virtue, knowledge, love of God and man do you possess? If men could only see this subject in the right light, they would not barter their souls for trash and render themselves skeletons of moral worth.

A night's ride landed us in the morning at Querétaro, a quaint old town; its history reaches back to the Toltecs, Aztecs, the invasion of the Spaniards, and none can tell how much farther.

Mr. Ruskin said that he did not care to travel in America, for it had no history, but should he come here, he would find antiquities more ancient than any in Great Britain. Here it is said that an Otomite chief four centuries ago challenged the people to a "fair fist and skull fight," to decide whether they should become Christians, or remain pagans; if conquered, they were to be baptized into the new faith, otherwise they were to remain as they were. Here a truce was struck in 1848 between the United States and Mexico. Here Maximilian made his last stand and surrendered in 1867.

We were scarcely out of the cars before we were beset



OPAL VENDERS.

with crowds of men and women, boys and girls, who were taking hurriedly from their pockets, or some private place, little black wads containing opals, and as quick as thought, these would be opened into their palms, sparkling red, yellow, blue, and white; holding them out to us, they would ask, "How much will you give?" It was necessary to be cautious, for these gems are exceedingly captivating, and the inexperienced are prone to bid too high at first sight, not realizing that nine tenths of those thus offered for sale are defective; those having the genuine opals do not approach strangers in any such way; they gain access to them through some official, or authoritative individual. From the wonderful display of these

precious stones, it would seem as though there must be quarries near-by in which they might be picked up by the handfuls. But you inquire whence they come and they will answer, "From the mines," but ask where the mines are and they will be so indefinite in their reply that you cannot tell whether they are in the Pacific ocean or on the summit of Orizaba.

As this rage subsided, the next exciting topic was about a visit to Cerro de las Campanas, two miles out of the city to the spot marking the place where Maximilian, Mirimon, and Mejia were shot the nineteenth of June, 1867.

The railroad station is just outside of the city, and the cabmen were here in scores, and soon we were crowded into their vehicles and were on our way to the historic place. In sections the road was sand, then cobblestones, and then grass. As we were making haste slowly, I was surprised to discover in the distance an immense



ENTERING QUERETERO.

stone aqueduct stretching across the Campanas, reminding me at once of the one extending across the Campagna from the Alban mountains to Rome. If this one is not as long, it is as grand. It was the gift of one man to the city; and what a bestowment! No other blessing can equal water to the thirsty. The canal, that conveys the



A MODERN CART.

water, rests upon a large number of arches, from a few feet to ninety feet high; it was twenty years in building and cost a great sum of money. As we were passing, the city looked somewhat dilapidated, as if the people had gone to sleep in Rip Van Winkle fashion.

From their speed I judged that the horses, or mules, were not familiar with oats or corn; but after a long and

rough ride, we alighted and were in front of three red sandstone blocks rising some five feet above the ground, marking the spots where the three prisoners stood as they were shot. The railing about the memorials has been broken down and vandal hands have chipped pieces from the monuments. Here Maximilian had his last fortification and withstood the opposing force as long as possible, and finally gave himself up; therefore, the republicans felt that this was a fit spot for his execution.

How true it is that like begets like! Maximilian had issued a decree that every officer taken in arms against his self-assumed authority, should be shot. Some of the best souls of the country, being honestly arrayed against him, were captured and put to death without any clemency being shown; thus it was with the generals Arteaga, Salaya, Willagomez, and Felix Diaz. So when Maximilian was overcome, how could he expect to escape the punishment of the rebellious which he himself had instituted? How did Maximilian come to be here, for he was an Austrian by birth and education? Well, after the independence of Mexico was gained by Juarez and much of the property of the Roman church had been confiscated, the priests throughout the country were greatly enraged.

They realized that they had lost their temporal power to a large extent, and were exceedingly desirous to regain it. This transaction took place about the beginning of our Civil War, and the priests made a strenuous appeal

to Pius IX to change this order of things; he referred the matter immediately to Napoleon III.; and he soon gave it as his best judgment that the only way to settle the matter satisfactorily and restore Catholic power in that country, was to establish a Catholic empire there, and he gave assurance that he was ready to lend his aid to such an end. He evidently would not have attempted to do any such thing, had our country not been engaged in a trying Civil War. The Pope gladly fell in with this project and pronounced his heartiest benediction upon it.

The next question was, Who is the man to go to Mexico and usurp the authority over the people and establish there an empire? After looking round and searching for the right man, Napoleon and the Pope settled upon Maximilian, then in the prime of life, of fine personal appearance and a devoted Catholic. As the subject was presented to him, he was inclined to consider it favorably, being ambitious, somewhat weak mentally, and withal, vain. Soon he decided to accept the venture, after receiving the most solemn promise from the French Emperor and the Roman Pontiff that they would guarantee him all the military and financial aid which he should need. Maximilian had but a small property of his own, and so large sums of money were raised for him in France, Italy, and Austria, to fit out in a royal manner the would-be emperor and his beautiful and accomplished Carlotta for their new and surprising mission; for surprising it would be to the whole world to have an empire established on the Western continent.

As soon as they were equipped, they started, accompanied by a strong French military force. In due time they landed in the forlorn country and proceeded immediately to the City of Mexico, where they raised their standard and Maximilian declared himself emperor of the country, thus supplanting President Juarez. Of course the people were dazed by such a procedure, and did at first seem to submit to the apparently inevitable. But it was not long before the intelligent and patriotic citizens began to apprehend what the result would be; they could see that it meant severe taxation and really serfdom. Upon this the republicans rallied and felt to resent the usurpation; soon strifes and war began. For a while it did appear as though an empire would be established. The Pope and Napoleon were keeping their pledges. New recruits were coming from France as circumstances required; the self-declared emperor felt secure with his military backing.

All this while, our Civil War was in progress; Napoleon was taking advantage of this fact, but as soon as Lee gave up his sword to Grant, Secretary Seward wrote Napoleon that the French army must immediately be withdrawn from Mexico, or the United States would send an army down there to drive them out; and the French forces were without delay withdrawn and recalled to France, leaving Maximilian in a deplorable condition. He packed up at once, withdrawing from the capital for Vera Cruz with the intention of abandoning the country; but while on his way, Carlotta prevailed on him to return

to the City of Mexico, and she would proceed in haste to beseech personally Napoleon and the Pope to be true to their promises. She believed her intercessions would stimulate them to renewed duty and assistance, which would enable her dear husband to succeed in his undertaking. Upon this Maximilian went back to the City of Mexico to await the result of his wife's meeting with the distinguished dignitaries. But on her arrival at Paris and Rome she found Emperor and Pope deaf to her prayers and intercessions, and was really expelled from the Palace and the Vatican. By such treatment she was driven to distraction and soon lost her reason. As she did not return or communicate with Maximilian, he inferred that she must be dead and labored under this mistake to the last, and she never has known the fate of her husband.

After Maximilian was shot, his body was taken to the convent of the Capuchins, and subsequently to Austria and buried at Miramar; and dejected Carlotta is passing the remnant of her days in an insane asylum;—both verily martyrs, cruelly forsaken by those who should have been to the last steadfast friends.

Our noble Lincoln did his best to save the life of Maximilian, and Princess Salm Salm, known in our Rebellion, rode one hundred and sixty miles to San Luis Potosi to implore President Juarez to spare his life, but all was of no avail. The president felt that the safety of his Republic was at stake. Death-blows had been struck at it. He sincerely believed that if the life of the usurper

of his country should be spared, its peace and prosperity would be incessantly harassed and, perchance, eventually destroyed. So from sense of duty and love for his native land, he could not commute the sentence of death, considerably pronounced by judge, and approved by the distinguished General Escobedo. After the lapse of twenty-nine years, public opinion generally justifies the course pursued by President Juarez.

From "Bell Hill," a short distance above the place of execution, I enjoyed a fine prospect over the diversified country. Here Maximilian had his last fortification, and bravely held out till he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies, and then he graciously submitted to his fate.

From this hill we return to the city and visit the Yturvide theatre, where the court martial was held and then to the state capitol, where I saw the table on which the death-warrant was signed, the wooden stools on which the prisoners sat during the trial, which opened at ten o'clock in the forenoon and ended at ten in the evening, and the coffin in which the body of Maximilian was placed until it was shipped to Europe. In the convent of the Capuchins I saw the room in which the prisoners were confined while waiting for their trial, and went into the plaza close by where Maximilian was wont to exercise. As the besiegers learned this fact and that he was accustomed to sit by a musical fountain, they adjusted their cannon so as to drop balls upon the spot, hoping to destroy the prisoner but failed of that, yet did break in pieces the beautiful statue above the fountain.

How true it is that war neither knows any pity nor shows any mercy. After the sentence was pronounced Maximilian pleaded from the depths of his soul that the sentence of his generals might be commuted, but accepted willingly his own sentence. His three years in Mexico had been full of trouble and disappointment, and no doubt, was so jejune and jaded that he was willing to depart. By his own accord at the time of his execution, he laid his hand upon his heart, signifying to his slayers where to aim; and as the order was given "fire," Maximilian fell, and thus ended his turmoils upon the earth.

The alameda, on one side of the city, is a charming resort, shaded with palms, banana, and scarlet hibiscus trees; rose bushes and shrubbery are plentiful. The buildings of the city are worn and patched; however, some of them have been recently stained or painted, but the old shows through the new, presenting a worse aspect than those that have not been touched. Who ever saw an old fence whitewashed, which was improved by the process? For years nature had been bleaching it with sunshine, the winds had been polishing it, the lichens had been putting beauty spots upon it, wild flowers had been growing up and kissing it, and vines had been hiding its deformity. What rustic beauty it would throw up to every passer-by! But daub it over with liquid and lime and what a botch and offence it becomes to refined taste!

In this city of fifty thousand inhabitants, there are forty-

six places of worship. From this fact Artemas Ward would infer that the people go to meeting some. As I saw the priests in the cathedral and the Santa Clara church, at the altars, in the confessional boxes, dodging in and out of the tribunes, I concluded that the city must be well stocked with ministers; yet I could but recall the statement saying that where priests abound, beggars also abound.

I went into a school, in which I found female as well as male teachers. I was glad to be apprised of the fact that the people are learning that women can teach successfully. The method of instruction was similar to that in other schools to which I have referred.

It would appear that the chief business of the young and old is selling opals; the rich and poor are engaged in it; beautiful señoritas and wrinkled dames indulge in the luxury.

Considerable attention is given to manufacturing cotton goods, leather wares, pottery, and sugar. Out two miles from the city is the Hercules Cotton factory, which requires a two-hundred horse-power engine and an over-shot wheel fifty feet in diameter to drive the machinery. In its different departments fourteen hundred hands are employed, a large majority being women, receiving from twenty to forty cents a day. The establishment has long been under the charge of the Rubio family. It is wonderfully well managed; the buildings and machinery are modern and of the most improved styles. The yards and surroundings are delightful. Nature has bestowed her

beauties without stint, and human art has done its best in ornamenting the hills and vales with flowers, shrubbery, and trees.

These are the most famous mills in the whole country. The cotton used is partly grown in Mexico and partly in the Southern states. The fibre of the home cotton is longer but not so fine and soft as that produced in Louisiana and Georgia. In the yard fronting the mills is a colossal statue of Hercules which cost fourteen thousand dollars in Italy. The art-works connected with this mill must impart a decidedly healthful and æsthetic influence and culture to the operatives, as they of necessity come in contact with them. The mills of Lowell and Lawrence present no such attractions as are enjoyed here. Are not our people too remiss in giving attention to æsthetic training and adorning house lawns, mill yards, school grounds, and public parks?

As we came out of the mills, we were met by throngs of opal venders who had footed it from the city for their last chance to sell this party of Americans their precious treasures, which are more valuable to them than diamonds would be from Golconda, or rubies from Giamschid, or sapphires from Ormuzd, or pearls from Ophir. It struck me as odd that not one of these traders should have an opal in finger-ring, breastpin, or bracelet on his own person; but on inquiry I learned that though the ancients looked upon opals as harbingers of good fortune, yet by some device the modern Mexicans have come to regard them as presaging evil; therefore, they will not wear

them, but delight in selling them to foreigners, regardless of consequences. It makes a deal of difference whose ox is goaded.

Good opals bring from ten to ten hundred dollars each, according to size and quality. Before bidding adieu to Querétaro most of our party invested more or less in the fiery stones.

The Mexicans like the Yankees, though they did whip them badly in 1848, for they are always ready to invest some capital in their products, yet they declare them to be sharpeners and able to see through a grindstone without a hole in it.

Well, we have got within a hundred and fifty miles of the City of Mexico, and have not been half eaten up, as we expected, by fleas, mosquitos, spiders, and all sorts of vermin, before we had proceeded far within the tropics; but, as yet, we have not been tortured by any four-legged or many-legged creatures. Our chiefest trials have been with bipeds. Even flies have been scarce, so our insect powder, tar preparation, pennyroyal, and salve for bites, put up with extreme care, have not been uncorked. Distance does sometimes lend charms, and then again it breeds scares. It is true that we have experienced the greatest variety of odors, running all the way from the most offensive to the sweetest perfumes; however, when disturbed with stench, we have this to console us, that nature makes use of the offensive odors, and so converts them at length into growing the rose and lily. Were we sufficiently wise we could solve the most difficult prob-

lems and come to understand clearly how good is brought out of apparent evil.

A ride of one hundred miles, partly by day and partly by night, lands us at Tula, one of the oldest towns in the whole country. The Toltecs rendered it noted, and the Aztecs made it a capital city. Ruins of grand old temples are here. The ancient city was a mile across a



VIEW AT TULA.

stone bridge, which was built long before a quarry in New England rung with drills and hammers. The ruins are more striking than those of Tyre, or Capernaum ; among them are a large stone baptismal fountain, and a sacrificial stone on which priests were wont to lay victims, cutting out their hearts and holding them up to the gaze of imagined divinities.

The modern village of some three thousand people has its attractions, but the place is sought by tourists for the old, not the new. Ancient ruins are full of transport; yea, there is something bewitching about them. Peculiar enchantment broods over the prison in which Socrates drank the fatal cup, over the pyramid of Cheops in which the bones and flesh of the mighty Pharaoh were securely treasured, over the tomb of Cyrus the Great, at Persepolis, and the mosque at Hebron, under which the remains of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, were interred.

Tula is fifty miles from the present capital city. The towns now along the railroad are more frequent than formerly, the highways are broader and kept in better repair, and the land is more generally cultivated. Though the present altitude is above seven thousand feet, it is gradually rising; the mountains are multiplying in number and in grandeur; these are the winnowers of the purest air; and of all sweet things, the sweetest is pure mountain air; it encloses us below, around, and above, as no Aphrodite could do; the dome of the sky here is, as it were, a great bell-flower drooping all about us, filling the whole space with the purest fragrance and vitalization. The sights of the morning below, beyond, and above, are so strangely beautiful that they seem to be bathed in the glimmers and glories of the Apotheosis.

The influence of a great city is likely to extend far out into the country, often rendering the suburbs far more attractive than its centres. Men hived in cities, burdened

with business, long for the rest and quiet of the country, and so they erect the villa, the mansion, the beautiful residence, and the rustic cottage, out twenty, thirty, and fifty miles, whither they go for sleep and recuperation. Thus it is along this road, thereby scattering the taste, refinement, and influence of the city over the country.



AROUND THE WELL (SAN LUIS POTOSÍ).

CHAPTER XI.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Oh, the bright mornings in Mexico, how they kept multiplying! The feeling during the night that we should be in the metropolis of the land between seven and eight o'clock the next morning, somehow seemed to dispel sleep at the day-dawn earlier than usual, and so we were on the lookout before the sun shot his effulgence over the mountains. The peons were bestirring themselves, and many were tramping, or riding burros, all facing the south, which was a guaranty that we were fast approaching the anticipated city. Some of the dusky-skinned people were white robed and laden with flowers, as if bound for a feast or a gala time. Soon across the wide vista, towards the snow-crowned Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl an exquisite circular valley was before us, perhaps forty miles in diameter, rimmed with mountains and dotted with lakes, clumps of tropical woods, barren ridges, maguey fields, and alfalfa meadows.

As the sun peered over the wondrous heights, he lit up spires, domes, and the buff walls of a great city; nevertheless, it is small when compared with New York or London, having only four hundred thousand inhabitants. As we rolled gradually into the city, it became apparent that it was in the basin of the valley and naturally enough

might be the bed of a lake. Who knows but pelefits, or lake-dwellers, builded here first a lustrine city above the water and at length were expelled by the Toltecs who drove down spiling and built close to the water, whose streets were canals similar to those in Venice, and that the Toltecs were eventually succeeded by the Aztecs, who still made use of spilings for a foundation, and yet in places filled the lake with earth and put bridges across the canals, and as Cortez conquered the Aztecs and the Spaniards took possession of the city, they continued to fill up the lake, that the site of their city might be dry land? However, the filling up never had been a perfect success, because in flood time the city would be drenched, making many of the dwellings mere sinks to hold water and mud. Up to within a year the city had no drainage, but a canal has been completed at an enormous expense, which will drain the lakes and so relieve the city from being overflowed, and from extreme unhealthiness, which has doubled the death-rate to what it is in Boston.

The whistle blows, the bell rings, the brakes are tightened, and lo, we are in the City of Mexico! As we were about to leave the cars, a messenger entering advised us to tarry where we were for an hour, to witness a display, unexpected and sorrowful, for the death of our United States minister, plenipotentiary, had been announced, and that his remains were to be escorted by the Mexican officials and soldiery to this depot, arriving here at nine o'clock; he furthermore said, if we would continue where we were, we should have the opportunity of seeing a rare



ENTERING MEXICO.—THE FUNERAL TRAIN.

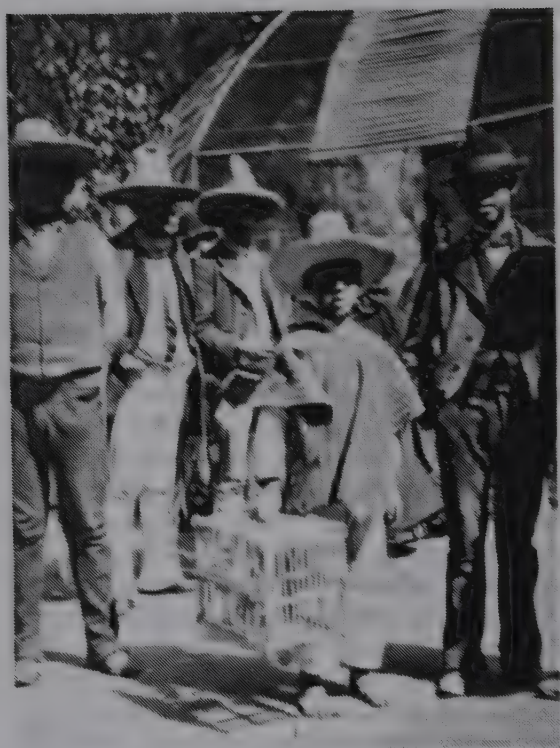
manifestation of sorrow. Accordingly, we tarried, and just before the specified hour arrived, muffled drums were beating and a funeral dirge was being played in subdued tones. The bands were being followed by five thousand cavalry, infantry, and artillery elegantly equipped; then came the hearse and a profusion of flowers, the near relatives, the president, his cabinet, foreign state officials, and thousands of Mexicans, to pay respect to a noble man who had suddenly fallen by death. The body was tenderly borne to a state car by foreign ministers under the direction of President Diaz; cannons were fired; all the high officials bade the bereaved family, as they were seated in the cars, a sympathizing good-by and the immense cortege slowly and orderly returned to the Alameda and the palace.

Never did I witness before, where there were so great a martial display and promiscuous crowds, such stillness and unmistakable solemnity, showing that the nations are becoming more allied and desirous to help bear one another's sorrows and burdens. Certainly, it would seem that the good time is hastening, when the nations will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks.

When the solemnities were concluded, we took the tramway for the Alameda, Mayor Plaza, and then for the Iturbide hotel, where we were to eat and sleep while in the city. The Alameda is an oblong square having an area of forty acres, and was so named from *alamos* signifying poplar. In Spain the alamedas are ornamented

with poplar trees; this one is planted out with a variety of trees, cut up by walks bordered with shrubbery and flowers, and is supplied with fountains, an elegant bandstand, and many seats. In places, interesting relics of the Toltecs and Aztecs may be discovered by moving aside the drooping branches of trees. This square is to Mexico what Hyde Park is to London, or Boston Common is to Boston, being really the lungs to the metropolis and the pride of the citizens; it is a special resort for priests, students, and in short for all kinds of people.

The city was laid out to be three miles square, the sides running parallel with the cardinal points. The main streets centre at the Mayor Plaza, and these are crossed by avenues at right angles. The commercial buildings and dwellings on the principal streets are from two to three stories high, nearly all the houses enclosing a courtyard, adorned with fountains and blooming plants, where the children can sport in safety. Large windows open from the rooms upon these yards, and others in the second and third stories look out upon the streets, furnished with balustrades of iron, often gilded and finished with beautiful trappings. Here the women of the house are wont to sit and watch what is going on in the streets. The homes of the rich are on a magnificent scale of luxury; arched driveways lead into the courts, whose flooring is usually marble; the carpets, tables, chairs, and candelabra are superb. The matrons have any number of servants to respond at the clap of the hand. The basements are used for storing carriages, stabling domestic



BOYS IN THE ALMEDA.

animals, and for servants' quarters. When the brazen gates opening into the streets are closed, the family are about as much secluded as they would be in the country.

Often the palatial residence overtops a miserable hut consisting of four walls of dried mud, with a floor of the same material, in which the furniture consists of a few pieces of crockery for cooking and eating, a brush for sweeping, water jars, baskets, some maguey matting for beds; there is no fireplace or chimney; when they cook they lay a bundle of mesquite fagots on the floor, firing it they bake their tortillas or flat cakes; the smoke, of course, pervades the whole house. Their zarapes and rebosas are shawls by day and their only coverlets by night.

The merchants represent many different nationalities, the Germans and French being conspicuous. Some of the stores are on a large scale. Under the arcades the natives have their piles of goods, and are always on the alert for trade.

Pulque saloons occupy prominent corners of the streets, numbering two thousand in the city, selling a million gallons of pulque daily; though so much of this stimulant is drank, it is seldom that a drunken person is seen in public.

The streets bear the names of gods and men, and are confusing in their nomenclature to strangers. Had the Mexicans tried their best to render them difficult to understand, they could not have been more successful. Then a deal of fancy must have been exercised in apply-

ing names to their shops and stores. Some of their signs are ridiculous enough to make a dying man laugh, should he chance to read them, being such as, "The Fountain of Love," over a fancy goods store; "The American Congress," the sign to a bar-room; "The Triumph of Dyna-



PULQUE SALOON.

mite," indicating a pulque shop; "The Pearl," marking a store where silks are sold; "The Opal," designating a candy shop; "Take and Give," signifying a fish-market; "The Coquette," pointing out the place where cigars are sold. The names of a firm are seldom given on the sign; however, upon entering a store, the proprietors and the

clerks usually are very polite and willing to show you goods, if you do not buy them.

The streets are the most lively on Sundays and feast-days. Then the balconies are sure to be occupied by women and girls, donned in their silks, laces, and mantillas. Sunday morning, most of the women and many of the men go to mass, and after this they are prepared for

a gala time the remainder of the day ; this is a special time for shopping on the part of the Indians in the city and those who have come from the country ; perchance, the men buy new sandals and the women new veils ; all appear to delight in reconnoitering and inspecting the sale-stands and show-windows.

Tramways run on the principal streets, drawn by mules ; cars run double, one being for the elite and the other for the populace. Much of the trucking of the city is done by the horse-cars ; they are used on funeral occasions in going to the cemeteries ; one car bears the corpse and another carries the mourners. This arrangement is a great convenience, as well as money-saving, especially to the common and poor people. Fashion in some countries renders it difficult for the lower classes to bury their dead decently on account of the great expense.

Novel and mortifying sights are frequent on the streets. It is not uncommon at early morning around the plazas to see a father and a mother with several children, crawling from the spot where they had passed the night, and thus they spend every night somewhere out of doors ; then, too, in front of churches, at the corners of the streets, and at the entrance of certain stores, will be armless, or legless, or terribly deformed mortals begging for tlacos. Poor creatures, they deserve pity, and to the extent that the city might be induced to give them a comfortable living, so that they would not be forced to eke out life by begging. There is a painful mingling here of the nineteenth century methods with those of the ninth,

producing singular contradictions. Here are men backing stone for miles from the quarry, to be crushed by the modern stone-roller; here are electric lights flaring upon olive faces which would look more becoming in the dusky blaze of the candle or the pine knot; here are natives dressed in the ugly costumes of aristocracy who would look far more becoming in tattooed skins and maguey moccasins than in the French cut and the English beaver.

Yes, surely the German dog-cart and the Parisian styles have found footing in this city, which in most regards is a thousand years behind the times. In the days of Cortez it was patterned after Spain, Italy, and Greece. Since that period it has stood still for the most part, while its *patres-familias* have been going on; however, in the nooks and out-of-the-way places may be found to-day Mexicans very much as they were in the palmy days of the Montezumas. The habits of the fathers descend to the third, and perhaps to the thirtieth, generation. What is the use of trying to change a people outwardly before they are born anew, or are changed inwardly? Do not infer that all the streets in the night are lighted by electricity, for oil lamps and lanterns are common in certain parts of the city. Every policeman on his beat in the night must have his lighted lantern set in the middle of the highway near where he may be at any time, that it may be known where he can be found.

The city is well governed, and seldom does any disturbance prevail on the street, and it is thought now to be freer from riots than ever before. I judge that it is safe

in darkness to go into any part of the town. It is not uncommon to see respectable women at late hours walking alone on the streets. Suspicious characters seldom run risks out of doors, for the police are quite certain to discover them and shut them in close quarters.

In the morning, numerous women and girls are walking the streets or are stationed at particular points, laden with flowers to sell. Roses, pansies, tulips, pinks, mignonettes, sweetpeas, dahlias, heliotropes, magnolias, hyacinths, and honeysuckles abound. The flower markets are not extensive, but, when in order, they present in the early part of the day a kind of paradise. How could it well be otherwise, since God plants the flower seeds and sends his sunshine ninety-five millions of miles to germinate and bloom them? For twenty-five cents one can buy as many flowers as he will be able to bear away.

During the middle part of the day, the plazas are frequented by priests and all classes, for the purpose of rest; usually it is then too hot to work, think, or pray.

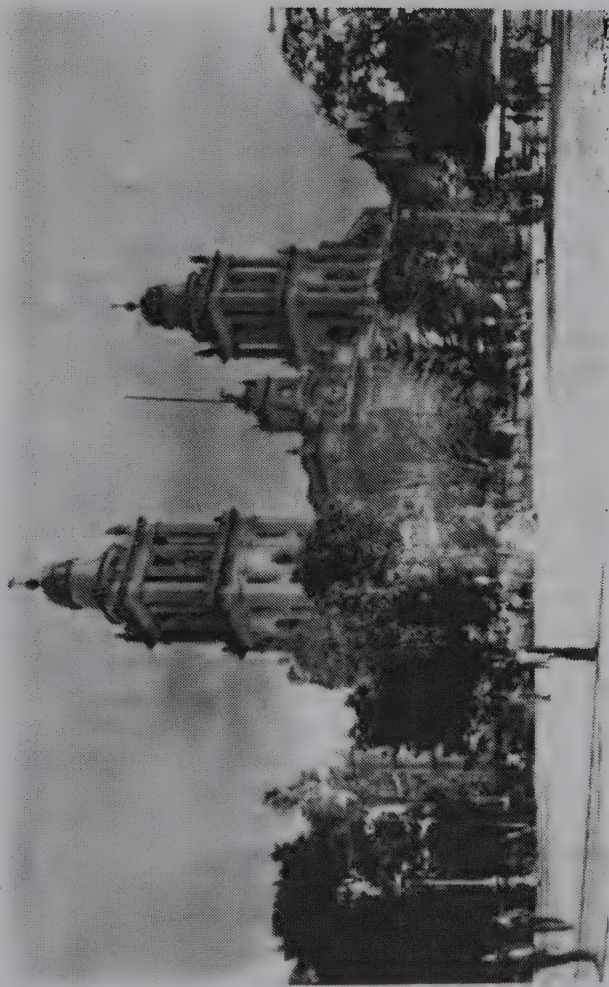
The street affords a good opportunity to study human nature in its different phases; it is cheering that more good than bad is discoverable here. One on a public thoroughfare is securer than on Broadway, New York city, or on Cheapside, London.

The sixty churches in the city are conspicuous, but the one that outvies all the others is the cathedral; the structure itself is famous, but its site is still more noted, for on it once stood the Aztec temple, dedicated to the war-god, Mexitl, after whom the country was named. The gates of

the four walls fronted the four cardinal points, and within its inclosure were five hundred dwellings for priests, priestesses and other religious officials, serving at the altars, in the choir, and at the dance. The shape of the temple was pyramidal, rising a hundred and fifty feet above the ground with broad steps on the outside, leading to its truncated top on which daily and often hourly human beings were sacrificed. Wars were often carried on for the purpose of securing victims for this altar. It is said that the number of human lives offered to Mexitl must have reached millions.

The cathedral was nearly a hundred years in construction, built out of unhewn limestone, fronting the Mayor Plaza, and costing many millions of dollars. It was built in that age when there was in certain countries decided enthusiasm in giving expression to religious devotion. Thus Gothic architecture was the outcome of the Crusades. It was not the simple development of art-execution, the trained eye and the skilled hand, but of religious fervor and exalted spirituality. The people of England, Spain, France, and Germany, from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries, were often deeply stirred religiously, and longed for the most exalted expression of the divinity they adored; so they built the cathedral with lofty spires reaching high towards heaven, resting on surest foundations and vast columns, having an immense auditorium in which the masses could assemble and together worship their God.

At one period the Greeks were so excited religiously in adoring men, as gods, that their artists conceived them to



THE CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO,
The Grandest Church in America.

THE JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME 40. PART 1. 1910.

be of perfect human shape, and so they could not refrain from carving complete statues of Jupiter, Venus, and Apollo, and built temples in which to exhibit their deities; their temples were not imposing,—they were beautiful, fit receptacles for their gods. The Greeks never would have cut out such perfected statuary, had it not been for their religious conception.

The Italians in due time followed with new ideal expression of their pious concepts. The Virgin, the Saviour, and saints, had become their inspiration; so their artists put upon the canvas perfect pictures of the Madonna, the Saviour, and saints. Divine light seemed to shine out of their faces, because spiritual insight of the artists moved the mind, quickened the eye, and directed the hand; accordingly, they erected temples for exhibiting and preserving their ideal portraits. The artists were stimulated first religiously, and were not only interested in perfecting their pictures, but also in building temples to display them before the people. These were made symbolical of the divinities they worshipped. These symbols in the course of decades were scattered over Europe, and by and by the different orders of architecture were, more or less, combined, but at the same time tending to give expression of devout feeling and aspiration.

This cathedral was designed some four centuries ago, and so savors of the spirit and expression of the aforesaid religious epochs. Externally it is a medley of the Gothic, Italian, Doric, and Moorish styles. It is massive, being four hundred feet in length and two hundred feet in width,

overtopped with a dome two hundred feet above the foundation, and twin towers two hundred and fifty feet high. The front facing the Mayor Plaza is superb and imposing; the façade is exquisitely carved, and set with statues. There is no estimating the loving labor that has been given to perfecting and finishing the wondrous structure. It must be studied, to be appreciated. It is not a great bauble, as some out of ignorance and bigotry are disposed to regard it, but a marvelous development of religious thought and soul-culture.

In the western tower is the Santa Maria de Guadalupe bell, nineteen feet high, not exceeded in size by any other bell, save the one at Moscow. This is the largest and most costly church edifice in America.

Entering within, like the cathedrals of Milan, Burgos, and Cologne, we find the interior falls far short of the exterior; the paraphernalia is largely modern, and thoughtlessly sentimental. Like many of the churches in Spain, the choir is placed in the middle of the nave, apparently reducing its massiveness. The high altar beyond the choir was once the richest in the world, but it has been plundered of its gold, of its solid golden candlesticks, of the statue of Assumption, made of gold and set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls; however, in spite of the losses, no doubt, it is at present the most richly-adorned church on the western continent. The railing about the choir, extending to the great altar, is composed of gold, silver, and copper, containing so much gold that responsible parties have offered to exchange a solid silver one for it; the

original cost of it being one million, five hundred thousand dollars, having been purchased in China.

In the auditorium there are six altars, which are dedicated to Christ, the Virgin, and saints. Many pictures hang upon the walls, and a few of them are by the Old Masters. There are a dozen side-chapels, which can be shut off by bronze doors, from the audience room; in one of these is buried the Emperor Iturbide. Under the Altar of Los Reyes, the finest in the cathedral, are entombed the heads of Hidalgo, Allende, Aldama, and Jimenez, interred here after the independence of Mexico was established, showing that the true and worthy cannot be forgotten or dishonored.

A dim light pervades the whole interior; but an attempt is made to expel the darkness by the flames of tallow candles. This church lacks the glow and richness of stained and illustrated windows. Mass continues here from sunrise to sunset; about midday it is usually thronged with suppliants before the different altars.

It was in this cathedral that Maximilian and Carlotta were consecrated and crowned in 1864 amid great pomp, emperor and empress of Mexico.

From the cathedral towers of fifty bells, splendid views of the city and the surrounding country may be enjoyed. Humboldt said that these prospects were some of the finest he had ever experienced.

In building this grand structure, what self-denial was practised! What self-sacrifices were made! What taxation was endured! Then the power of the clergy was



THE CITY OF MEXICO, FROM THE CATHEDRAL.

supreme ; therefore, all, from the poorest unto the richest, from the least unto the greatest, were forced to do first and most for the church. Accordingly, marvelous things were accomplished in the way of building the sixty churches in this city and the thousands throughout the country.

At the time the empire was supplanted by the republic, nearly three fourths of the property of Mexico was in the possession of the priests. The clergy had become so numerous, and their living was so expensive, and the cost of supporting their institutions was so great, that the country was fast on the way to financial ruin. Like Spain, it had been reduced from a first-class empire to one impoverished and degraded. It was being crushed under the weight of priestcraft.

Most of the churches in this city are substantial and costly. They are open all the day, and in many of them mass takes place every hour. If the worship were only instructive and inspiring, what progress would be made and what a Christian people the Mexicans would soon become ! But this pinning the soul's salvation to sacerdotal garments, not permitting it to think and do for itself, drops it into the lower depths, instead of lifting it into the kingdom of heaven.

The National Palace is situated on the eastern side of the Mayor Plaza, being seven hundred feet long and two stories high, made out of stone, and occupying the site of the palace of the Montezumas. Were it not for the tower over the central entrance, the building would have

little prominence. The president has a suite of elegant rooms in it, where he resides during the winter. The offices of state officials are in it and the Ambassadors' Hall, whose walls are hung with large portraits of the rulers of Mexico; and at one end is a full-sized likeness of Washington. Here, too, is an apartment known as Maximilian's, which contains many relics of him; another room is known as that of Iturbide, exhibiting the eagle and serpent, forming the coat of arms of Mexico. In the armory are the rifles with which Maximilian and his generals were shot.

The general post-office of the city is under the roof of the same building, and also the National Museum, which was improved and so arranged by Maximilian as to be very attractive, and made one of the most interesting exhibits of a mystic people of whom historians only here and there have been able to catch glimpses. Perhaps, when the tremendous pyramids and mounds of the land shall be fully explored, writings and testimonials will be discovered, as in Thebes, Babylon, and Persepolis, which will open up the full arcana of the Toltecs, Aztecs, and Cliff-Dwellers. We are living in an age of exhuming and turning darkness into light.

Entering upon the ground floor of the museum, we are at once confronted with the Aztec Calendar, which was in use before a white man trod American soil. The face of the stone is covered with curious hieroglyphics. On examination, it becomes evident that it was designed by a genius and cut by skilled hands. It is a hard, trachyte

stone, circular, and eleven feet and eight inches in diameter, and three feet in thickness. It shows that the Mexican civil year was divided into eighteen months of twenty days each, and these months into four weeks of five days each. The Aztecs made use of this calendar long before the Romans adopted the Julian calendar. The entire face of the stone was painted red with such durable color that in places it remains quite bright. This calendar has striking resemblance to the calendars of the Chinese, the Hindoos, Java Islanders, and the Persians, implying that these far-separated people may have originally sprung from the same stock and land. This stone was quarried in the distant mountains and brought by some unknown power and fixed in the side of the Aztec temple, and afterwards was placed in the side of the present cathedral.

The next monolith of special interest is the Sacrificial Stone, being eight feet in diameter and three feet thick, having been devoted to sacrificing human beings to their god Mexitl. On one occasion, priests offered up seven hundred and twenty-eight victims by cutting out their hearts, and, holding them up to the sun, would say, "Convey this message to the high god." The Fainting Stone, the Goddess of Water, the Coatlicatl, the Atlantes, the Toltec Vase and Column, all constructed out of trap-rock, combine beauty and ugliness. The ninety and nine skulls strung on rods of iron imply that the gods required frequent offerings to appease their wrath. The huge Chac-Mol represents a deity taking a bath, and Mixcoatl exhibits a god asleep. The Colossal Head is



THE SACRIFICIAL STONE.



THE GOD MEXITL.

one of the finest pieces of sculpture in the museum, and looks as though it might be a twin to some Egyptian head. The representations of the goddess of Death, the Woman Serpent, the Faces of Priestesses, and the Waxing and Waning Moons, are significant sculptures.

The Astronomical Stone plainly shows that the Aztec priests were wont to watch the stars as did the old Sabæans from the top of their temples. They studied the stars to signal the time of their feasts and for omens of future happenings.

Here are specimens of ancient pottery of wondrously handsome shape; also stone tools, which take us back to the period when the earth was young. These have been found with the bones of mastodons and other monstrous animals which ran their race long since. Inspecting these antiquities leads one to feel that Mexico is a very old country, although in examining its relics, we receive no intimation that it ever had scholars that were saints, or saints that were scholars. Still it did produce works worthy to live;



CHAC-MOL.

and we can but lament that Cortez, when he subdued the land, should have made such destruction among the temples and art works. The tendency of war has always been to oblivion and obliteration.

The museum contains many modern curiosities. The coat of mail which Cortez wore on his way from Vera Cruz to the capital, and his Red Standard with the face of the Virgin, are preserved here, and also the solid silver table service, which was imported for the personal use of Maximilian and Carlotta, and their state carriage of English make, after the style at the time of Henry VIII. As we inspect these relics, we can but realize that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall;" and that vanity joined with many virtues, shades them all.

The ancient portion of this museum resembles in no slight degree the Boulak museum of Egypt; these are the two unique museums of the world, containing many of the oldest relics.

From the museum, let us pass to the National art gallery, which is in the rear of the palace. It contains hundreds of pictures and is equal, if not ahead, of any other gallery in America, but when contrasted with the National gallery of London, or that of the Louvre in Paris, or Uffizi of Florence, or the gallery of Dresden, it falls a long way behind. In some of the rooms are to be seen many students from fifteen to twenty years of age, earnestly at work with the pencil and brush. The government aids and encourages them in this calling, hoping that in the

future, Mexico will be able to present better art results than it has in the past. It would seem that there must be much latent genius in the direction of art, for the Toltecs and Aztecs were curious and skilled workers in silver and gold; even they have left a few pictures of a high order for their times; art has never been entirely ignored in this land. When the Spaniards came, they could but have lent a favorable influence to the advancement of art works, for they had been in contact with them all their life.



A PROTESTANT SCHOOL.

The public schools here are receiving considerable attention; they number three hundred, and are attended by twenty thousand pupils. The city appropriates annually for their support a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The school buildings were formerly convents or

churches. Private and parochial schools are common. The priests are still diligent in trying to control educational matters.

The Protestant missionaries have secured sure footing in this city; especially is this true of the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and Episcopalians. On Sunday these churches have good attendance of natives at their meetings and are constantly gaining new additions, more particularly from the young, who are being educated in their private schools. Their pupils must number from six to eight hundred. The teachers, whom I saw in these schools, were well qualified for fulfilling their onerous duties and are truly consecrated to their work.

President Diaz protects the Protestant missions; though he is a Catholic by birth and education, yet he is friendly to all Christian churches. Because of his liberality, the Catholic priests have anathematized him, but this makes no difference with his course of conduct; he seems determined to do his whole duty as a Christian man.

The colleges of medicine and mining and the conservatory of music are popular institutions. The hospitals and homes of charity are numerous and generally under the charge of the church; but, in spite of the means provided to meet the wants of the indigent, beggars are beyond counting; some of the most deformed and wretched are reported to be employed by priests, who receive the lion's share of what they get from visitors and foreigners. Strangest things nowadays are being done in the name of Christianity.

The markets of Mexican cities afford an excellent opportunity for learning the products of the country and for the study of human nature; the Valador, south of the palace, is the principal one of this city; for many years, it was rented from the heirs of Cortez. The other markets are the Merced, Jesus, and Santa Catarina. Enter these early in the morning, and it is surprising to see the variety and quantity of articles for sale. It seems hardly possible that such a number of eatables in the course of twenty-four hours could be converted into human muscles, fat and nerves, so as to be walking the streets, laughing in the social circle, weeping in the sickroom, and praying at the altar. It is a miracle how the vegetable eats the mineral; the animal, the vegetable; and the human, the animal. The big fish devour the little ones. The temporal law appears to assert the "survival of the fittest." Sunday is the emphatic market day.

Humboldt so left his mark here that the house which he occupied is held in great reverence and is now owned by one of the oldest and wealthiest families. The footprints of a truly great man are stamped into granite, not sand.

Now that the sewerage of the city has been completed by President Diaz, it will be more frequented by foreigners and sought for a home than it ever has been. A supply of good water, proper drainage, a fine climate, pure mountain air, and splendid scenery, cannot fail of causing the city to grow. If it is a marvel now, it will be a greater one in the future.

CHAPTER XII.

AROUND THE CITY OF MEXICO.

The trainway took us southward from the Mayor Plaza through an extremely novel part of the city, where we saw amusing and saddening sights, such as matrons sitting in the balconies smoking cigarettes, as if it were smart, but the señoritas apparently were more modest, putting the tobacco to their lips on the sly; then there were any number of peon women tramping along the streets with one or two babies strapped to their backs, having in their hands bags, or baskets of produce, going to market. It was remarkable to see so many children along the streets; large families are the fashion here. Girls are allowed to marry at twelve years of age, and few of the lower classes go beyond fourteen years old without having children. Marriage here consists of a civil act which may be kept private for a long while, but it makes children born to such parties legitimate, yet they live separately before the world; however, sooner or later after the civil rite, the lovers go through a religious ceremony and then they enjoy the honeymoon.

At length our way was along the Vega Canal, close by a paseo which used to be the boulevard of the city before Maximilian's time, whose sides are lined with willows and poplars to a considerable extent. After riding two miles,



THE VEGA BOULEVARD.

we stepped from the cars upon a boat with a sufficient capacity to carry twenty persons; pretty soon an awning was drawn over us, which made sad havoc with the hats and bonnets.

The propelling power was two dusky skinned men pushing the boat with long poles. We fell in with many canal-boats loaded with produce from the country, bound for the market; we saw some squashes, beets, and turnips, which were monsters. At a certain wharf these boats are stopped for the collection of toll before they can unload their goods. The water of the canal was black with filth, and its stench at times was scarcely bearable. None can tell how old the canal is; it was here when Cortez came to the country.

At length, we were riding past the quaint old town of Santa Anita, which looks as if a whirlwind had brought it here from some southern section and let it fall from aloft; the houses



THE VEGA CANAL.

are made of straw, mud, and palms.

As we came to a bridge across the canal, we were all obliged to drop into the bottom of the boat, and the awning fell, and there we were, a funny mess on an



TO THE FLOATING GARDENS.

excursion in the City of Mexico. Of course we were not prostrate a long time, but had three just such experiences on the way to the Floating Islands. At the expiration of half an hour, we parted from the canal without shedding any tears; crossing a neck of land, we came to the waters leading directly to the anticipated curiosities. Here we got into so-called gondolas, which have no more resemblance to the Venetian gondolas than dolts have to savans. Soon we were quickly aboard these flat concerns, being pushed by natives, one to each boat, among

the flowery and garden islands, which are raised mounds of blackest and richest soil. The beds are in the shape of parallelograms, elevated two feet above the water. Sections are



THE FLOATING GARDENS.

allotted to different gardeners, who work them on shares. These men and women have become experts in growing flowers and vegetables. The climate is summer the year round. These so-called Floating Gardens are now as fixed as the everlasting hills, and I am inclined to believe that they have always been stationary. It was simply poetical to call them floating, the same as it was to call the gardens of Babylon, connected with the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, Hanging Gardens, when they were built three hundred feet high upon arches of brick. Spaces are left between the beds, so that boats can pass readily. Much of the weeding and work is done by the cultivators standing in boats. These gardens are scattered through hundreds of acres of water, and thousands of natives make their living working them. When the winds rage strongly, lifting heavy waves, great damage is done to the sides of the beds, forcing the gardeners to spend much time in dredging and bringing up mud for repairs.



MEXICAN GONDOLAS.

While passing among them, it did seem as though the men and women in charge must be the happiest of mortals, being apparently delighted with their occupation; we could scarcely imagine how it could be otherwise,



THE VEGA MUSEUM.

amid such fragrance, charming colors, and often sweet songs from those riding at their leisure among the wondrous beauties. These gardens are a great resort on Sundays and feast-days.

On our return we visited at the Vega village a motley museum of quaintest and strangest curiosities ever brought together, the work of one man, Don Juan Corona. It is in the hacienda, where he dwelt, shaded by trees and enveloped with vines and flowers. Nearly every room of the establishment is a museum crowded with relics of the different ages of Mexican history; the specimens are not large but unique, representing peace and war, barbarism and civilization. The founder's profession was that of a bull-fighter, still his hobby was in collecting bric-a-brac, yet he did devote special attention to the poor children of his village and from his savings he founded a school for them in one of the buildings of his hacienda, which is still in operation, though Don Juan Corona has been dead for years. The children speak of him as a good father.

The cemeteries of a city are the true indices of the real character of its citizens; at least, these are symbols of their serious thoughts and best moods. Scarcely

out of the limits of the city is the cemetery of San Fernando and a church of the same name, constituting the Westminster Abbey and Greenwood of Mexico. Here are the ashes of the most illustrious characters that the country has produced. Near its entrance is the elaborate tomb of Benito Juarez, the most distinguished statesman and honored president of the republic, the Lincoln of their land, who departed this life in 1872. He was a full-blooded Indian, born back on the hills, and by his own efforts he secured a good education, became an eminent lawyer, and, in due time, the savior of his country. The monument consists of a full-sized figure representing the president shrouded in a prostrate position, having his head sustained by a beautiful female figure personating Mexico, made out of the clearest white marble; these are enclosed by a Grecian marble temple supported by Ionic pillars, making a harmonious combination which will bear the closest inspection. The temple and tomb are kept literally wreathed in flowers, which are supplied by the rich and the poor, thereby showing how the great man is cherished and lives in the hearts of his countrymen. Not far from this memorial are the tombs of



TOMB OF JUAREZ.

Mejia and Miraman, the generals who were shot with Maximilian. In this yard are many tombs of famous Mexicans. Though the tombs are scattered throughout the grounds, the remains of the dead are deposited in the heavy walls enclosing the cemetery, for the corpses could not be buried in graves without being sunk in water that permeates the ground on which the city stands. This yard is crowded, lacking order and symmetry.

There is another cemetery out three miles to the west by the name of Dolores, which is a Mount Auburn on a humble scale, located among hills and vales. The English and American burying-grounds are near it; in the American, rest the remains of four hundred soldiers who fell by shot and disease at the time General Scott captured the city.

When a death occurs here in a poor family, they hire a coffin in which to bear the remains to the cemetery, and there the body is taken out and interred in a trench and the coffin is returned to the undertaker. Lumber is so scarce that caskets and coffins are too expensive for the poor people to buy; and often they cannot afford to hire them.

When a funeral procession is passing, whether in the city or outside of it, the people on the street are very respectful, always facing it as it comes opposite to them, the men taking off their hats, and many of them bowing, whether the dead had been a public or private individual.

The burial here is not hurried as in some countries. The friends are careful to wait till they are certain the flesh of the dead is cold, and then the obsequies are not performed in hot haste, as is sometimes the case in the city and in the country, implying that the quicker the departed are under the sod, the sooner relatives will inherit their property.

Tacubaya is a beautiful village out five miles from the city, reached by horse-cars. It is on high ground and formerly after a flooding experience, an effort was made to remove the city to this place, because of its favorable situation, but the influence of education and association were too strong for such a radical change. The people chose to suffer severe inconveniences rather than desert the homes of their fathers; so they resolved to live where their ancestors did, and die where they died. Yet Tacubaya at length became the dwelling-place of many business men of the city. It was properly laid out and planted with ornamental trees and is outwardly an inviting town. It has many superb residences, surrounded with delightful grounds. But the people have allowed it to become converted into a gambling resort, worse than ever was Baden Baden, or Monte Carlo. The wheel of fortune and misfortune is whirling all hours of the day and far into the night in the gilded hall and on the street. Men and women, boys and girls, are enraptured with the chance-excitement. They have become so addicted to it as to render it fashionable in the town to be a gambler; they are pleased to have strangers look upon their per-

formances, hoping that they may be induced to try their hand at the game, feeling that they surely will lose whatever they shall put down. Peons and even beggars are putting down their tlacos and trying their shakes, praying that the Virgin will give them good luck; if they are successful, they praise her, and if losers, then how they blaspheme her! In the western part of the town is a "blessed tree," which, the legend says, was blessed by a priest who once rested in its shade and being made happy, he bade it ever be green, whereupon a spring gushed from its roots which has continued to flow and the tree has continued green.

In going to this place and returning, we had a good view of the bull-ring belonging to the city, which is in operation every Sunday afternoon. In style and finish, it



THE BULL-RING.

does not equal by far the one at Madrid, or that of Grenada. It has a large arena, surrounded by a proscenium capable of seating several thousands; it is roofless, yet men and women who, if they ever go to church, complain if the prayer is

more than three minutes long, or the sermon more than fifteen minutes in length, and to suit them the whole service must not exceed half an hour, will sit from choice in

the burning sun from three to four hours to see matadores and picadores in the most brutal manner fight and slay maddened bulls, and witness raging bulls pitch blind-folded horses into the air with their horns and cruelly mangle them to death; and, whenever a matadore makes a successful thrust, dropping dead a bull, then what cheers upon cheers! How the ladies throw wreaths and bouquets of flowers upon the so-judged hero! Oh, how long are such barbarities to be continued? President Diaz does not approve of them, and has issued an order that after 1896 they must cease throughout the country, yet the priests and the masses are in favor of them.

Three and a half miles northerly from the city is Guadalupe, which is the Mecca for religious pilgrimages in this country; of course it savors more of myth than fact. It would seem that the majority of the people at large are particularly fond of being deluded; for this reason, they hanker more for fiction and legend than for the truth and reliable history. This helps us account for the deference paid the Bambino doll that is kept so choicely in the Ara Cœli church in Rome, and can be exposed only by the priest who has been ordained to that mission; he bears it round the city, making calls upon the sick, saying "This is the image of the Infant Saviour, that can heal you of your ills, if you only believe in it without doubting"; and as they believe, astonishing miracles are wrought and throngs of the sick are made whole. Without a doubt, they feel the Bambino has effected the cure.

When Cortez came to Mexico, he brought a wooden

image of the Virgin, rudely whittled out, and dressed in silk and satin and ornamented with many precious jewels, as his guide and helper, but on the night of the *Noche Triste* the image disappeared, causing consternation, and nothing was heard of it until it was accidentally found in the heart of a maguey cactus. Its restoration was hailed with indescribable thanksgiving by Cortez and his followers. A church was built on the spot where it was found, and it was not long before the aristocratic Spaniards came to adore it as the very Mother of God. No wealthy dowager in the city or country could die in peace before she had given to the Virgin her richest diamonds and pearls; accordingly, it was a necessity for a treasurer to be appointed, who would keep and guard the riches bestowed upon the wondrous personage. Her riches are valued at millions of dollars. When there is a severe drought, the image is taken from its sacred cloister in the church on the hill, and, under guard, it is borne into the city, and through the streets and into many churches, the people believing it to have the power of opening the heavens and letting the rain fall.

Ten years after Cortez came into the country, a legend says, the Virgin made her appearance in another form at Guadalupe. A pious Indian living back on the mountain was one morning on his way to mass, and at the foot of Tepeyacac mountain he was suddenly stopped by the appearance of the Virgin Mary who requested him to proceed at once to his bishop, Juan Zumarraga, making known that it was her wish that he should erect very

soon a church on the spot where they were standing in honor of herself. Diego was faithful to his charge but it availed nothing. The next day he was passing by the same place and the Virgin hailed him and inquired as to his interview with the bishop, and he informed her that it amounted to nothing. "Go again," said the Virgin Mary, "to the bishop and declare to him that I, the Virgin Mary, send you, demanding that a church forthwith be erected right here where we are." The Indian was faithful to his charge, but Zumarraga gave little heed to the report. However, he did condescend to say, "bring me some sign or token of the Virgin's will." In a few days he was passing along the same way again to mass and was hailed by the Virgin, and she was informed that the bishop demanded a sign before he could take any steps towards building a church. Upon this she commanded Diego to climb at once to the barren top of Tepeyacac and gather a large quantity of roses and return to her with them. He was obedient, and to his surprise he did find roses where there had been bald rock before; having gathered the flowers, he went back immediately to the Virgin who had continued in waiting. As she received the flowers, she threw them into Diego's tilma, or blanket, saying, "Take these as credentials of my mission." As he came into the presence of the bishop, he opened his tilma to exhibit the roses, and lo, there was imprinted on the tilma the miraculous image of the Virgin Mary!

Astounded at this revelation the bishop took the tilma,

bearing it to his oratory, placed it in the greatest security and without delay began to plan for the building of a church in honor of the Mother of God. As the revelation was made known, multitudes flocked to see the Lady of Guadalupe, and Juan Zumarraga was filled with ecstasy, because he could see the Divine Lady every day of his life. Nothing could induce him to leave Guadalupe for any time. The tilma is still preserved, being more than three hundred years old ; its colors are said still to be fresh and bright. The image of the Virgin differs from others, inasmuch as a halo encircles the whole figure instead of simply the head.

An extravagant church was built on the spot where the first vision of Juan Diego took place ; in due time where the second vision happened, a spring of water burst forth, so the legend reads, and over it another church was built ; this church is visited by thousands, to drink of its holy and medicinal waters ; also another church has been erected on the summit of Tepeyacac, where the roses were found, and which is reached by a long flight of stone steps. Half-way to the top of the mountain is a large breastwork of stone, which the myth informs us was placed there after this manner : A ship's crew was in great distress ; being likely to perish at sea they vowed to the Virgin that, if she would bring them safe to harbor, they would bear their ship's foremost mast with its sails and set them on the hill of Guadalupe. The story reads, as this was done, that the mast and sails were changed to stone, as they are seen to-day.



MAST CHANGED TO STONE.

These stories are not fancies, but realities to the Spanish descendants and unnumbered Indians. Around the hill has sprung up a village of three thousand inhabitants. The Church of the Virgin Mary is the building of the town, costing several millions of dollars.

It was here that a treaty was signed in 1848, between the United States and Mexico. There was, however, nothing miraculous about that.



THE REFORMA.

The Reforma, or Paseo, is a wide street extending westerly from the city, being two and a half miles long and lined with grand shade trees. At seven points, it widens into seven glorietas, which are four hundred feet in diameter. Three of these are already adorned with statues, walks, and seats. In the centre of the first, stands the statue of Charles IV, one of the largest castings consisting of a single piece in the world. The second glorietta

is occupied by a superb statue of Columbus, and the third with a statue of Guatemotzin, the last great Indian chief of the Aztecs ; it is grand in design and execution. The statues of Juarez, Hidalgo, and other illustrious characters in the future will be placed in the other circles.

The Reforma is bound to be a splendid thoroughfare. If it were not commenced by Maximilian, it was readjusted and greatly improved by him. He seemed desirous to make it the Rotten Row and the Champs Elysées of Mexico, and it is fast becoming such a drive and promenade. In the afterpart of the day, countless carriages and foot-people are briskly moving to and fro upon it. Swells and dudes are there in large numbers. Just look at the fine carriages passing ; see the bounding horses, the shining trappings, the fair damsels with mantillas waving about their olive faces and dark, sparkling eyes. How the ladies greet the Castilian gentlemen by the waving of their handkerchiefs, as their horses go prancing by ! Yes, there is a deal of bowing and smiling as riders rush swiftly past one another. It would appear that to them the river of life is without a ripple, and is sure to run smoothly through their mortal pilgrimage.

Move on to the Indian statue and the scene changes ; the most pitiable objects hustle about you ; perchance, a poor wretch comes running on all fours, beseeching you for medeos and reales ; another presents himself, as deserving, because his eye and nose are gone ; a woman with dwarfed feet throws herself along by her hands, having a baby strapped to her back, importuning you for



THE TREE OF MONTEZUMA.

charitable gifts; while here the beggars are sure to encompass you thick and fast. In almost any other country such miserables would be in poorhouses, or asylums. Here, indeed, life has two striking sides to its picture: if one is bright, the other is certainly dark.

Passing on, horses rush by you at the rate of a mile in two minutes and ten seconds, riders and animals being full of excitement. Bridles and saddles glisten as though silver and gold. Now inspect sharply some of the Mexican beauties. Be they of Spanish descent, the eye may be light, hair flaxen, and complexion lily white: or, if they be of Indian blood, their faces will be dark brunette,

their eyes glassy black, and their hair the color of ebony; in gesture and movement they will be like a Dido, or Raphael's fairest Madonna.

In the course of an hour, one can witness sights such as are to be seen nowhere else. Rich and poor, ugly and beautiful, saints and sinners, do strangely commingle, starting the question, How can people be extravagant and at their ease, when there is so much suffering about them?

This promenade terminates at the foot of Chapultepec, the favorite hill of Montezuma and the chosen seat of Maximilian. A short distance before leaving the Paseo, upon the right, are large cypress trees; here may be seen the tree of Montezuma, under which the unhappy Cortez wept on the *noche triste*, overcome by an unexpected defeat. Advancing westward, the cypresses increase in size, yea, become stupendous, being from eight to twelve feet in diameter, and no doubt some of them are three thousand years old. As



A BIG CYPRESS.

I looked at them and wondered, I could but imagine how brave kings of old were wont to visit and admire these monsters of nature's own production. It is said that the like are not to be seen elsewhere in the wide world.



CASTLE AND MILITARY ACADEMY OF CHAPULTEPEC.

Chapultepec is some three hundred feet above the City of Mexico, whose surface must measure a hundred acres; whose flanks and base are covered with a dense forest of cypress, oak, and elm trees. The face of the elevation towards the city is abrupt and rugged. The birds are plentiful, and appear delighted with this grand old forest. They fail not to make the welkin ring with orisons and vespers.

Taking the road to the right, we soon discovered the opening through the hill which led upwards into the residence of Montezuma, where he used to reign monarch of all he surveyed. In his day this under-ground passage

was known only to himself and constructed for his escape from surprising danger. Following the road round and up to the summit, we come to the Military school, the West Point of Mexico, in which there are two hundred and fifty young men being educated and trained for soldiers and engineers. I found them pleasant fellows as I talked with them about their studies, their life work, and saw them in their quarters, which are commodious and kept in the best order.



THE CADET MONUMENT.

Joining the grounds of the academy is the palace which Maximilian caused to be built on the site of Montezuma's, and occupied it so long as he was emperor, which is now the summer residence of President Diaz. Going

through the many gorgeously finished and furnished apartments, I could but feel, if it were possible for temporal equipments to render one happy, President Diaz must be in the midst of such surroundings.

A few miles to the northwest of this height is Molino, where a modest shaft has been erected to mark the place of a battle, September the eighth, 1848, between the



CYPRESS GROVE.

soldiers of the United States and those of Mexico; and on the thirteenth of the same month, General Scott led his forces round to the south of Chapultepec and up its steep sides, storming and capturing its summit. The cadets valiantly defended their stronghold, proving themselves braves indeed. In this battle General Ransom, the president of Norwich University and the bravest of the

brave, lost his life, bringing greatest sorrow to loving friends and throngs of students.

The panorama to be enjoyed from this place of lookout cannot be surpassed; really there is no other like it. Contrast it with the Yosemite Valley, or the views from Mount Washington, or the Alps, and it loses nothing. It is one grand and sublime picture, forty miles in diameter. Away in the distance are Ixtaccihuatl and Popocateptl lifting their snowy crowns to the very gates of heaven. At the foothills are the glistening waters of Chalco, Zampango, Xaltocan, Cristobal, and Texcoco. Around the shores of these lakes, and amidst shady groves, by the aid of the glass many hamlets are to be seen; still close at hand is the marvelous City of Mexico, overtopped with its numerous domes, towers, and cupolas, while directly beneath are the Paseo with its umbrageous trees and the cypress forest encompassing Chapultepec.

None can picture this entrancing landscape. All lovers of nature looking upon it will admit without hesitancy that it is worth rounding the globe to enjoy an hour's survey of its captivating objects and marvelous combination from the old home of Montezuma, and at present, the summer home of President Diaz.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM THE CITY OF MEXICO TO PUEBLA.

It is true that one tires sooner of the city than of the country. The former is largely the production of man, the latter the production of God; this accounts for the fact without any philosophizing.

On leaving the city in the early morning, the thermometer stood at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit; the Mexicans were all declaring this to be uncommonly cold weather, even for midwinter; but before noon, as we were being whirled on towards the south, the mercury marked eighty-five degrees, and by two o'clock it ran up to ninety-five, proving that this sunny land, as to temperature, is fickle and subject to extreme changes.

We were eastward and southern bound. A few fleecy clouds were floating overhead; southwesterly the fiery Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl were bathing their snowy crowns in the blue ether two miles above us. To the south was Malinche, Cortez' favorite mountain, and soon came to view Orizaba, being declared from a recent test the highest mountain on the western continent; its summit, though burdened with snow, is often enveloped with smoke, showing it to be the highest volcano in the world. For a considerable distance, we were crossing bottom lands which but recently were under water, teaching how

incessantly revolutions are going on among physical objects. Herds of cattle and horses and flocks of goats were feeding these lowlands. Not far off to the west were the glassy waters of Lake Texcoco, whose shores are whitened with a sodium deposit which is common in moist ground affected by volcanic action.

Twenty miles from the city, the mesquits had assumed the size of common apple trees. The surface was now rolling, and then broken, and strangely diversified; we could occasionally look down deep cañons and up steep mountain sides; burros were seen climbing a lofty hill towards an adobe village, where apparently dwelt a few hundred people nine thousand feet above the sea; a river ran under the track and seemed to be naturally dammed by precipices, whose power is driving the spindles and saws of several mills and shops. Occasionally the wind stirred up a sand storm, whirling it through the air like sleet and rain. The scarlet flowers of long rows of pepper trees threw out and up their beauty, and emerald shade; the numerous stooks of corn and stacks of wheat straw testified as to the richness of the soil. At length the plains and moderately elevated hills were covered with rows of agave, or maguey plants in different stages of development; these fields extend miles upon miles in different directions. The agave is to the natives what the cocoa palm is to the peasants of Ceylon and Sangapore,—it furnishes them food, bedding, drink, fire, and money. It supplies the common beverage of the country under the hard name pulque. Have you ever thought that the names

of intoxicants have no euphony in them? How could you get any poetry out of ale, rum, beer, brandy, or whiskey, since they are nearly always given to misuse and abuse?

This plant is the same in kind as the century plant raised in hothouses. The seeds are planted in pots or boxes, and when they become a few inches high, they are



THE Maguey Fields.

set out in lines some six feet apart, and then they are let quite alone for four or five years ; after this, they are carefully inspected and pruned. They require a dry soil, and when they have been growing seven or eight years, they send up central stalks, which, if let alone, would blossom on the top by the time these were twenty feet high. But as soon as they have grown as tall as the other parts

of the plant, five or six feet, they are cut out at the base, forming bowls which will hold from two to three quarts. Now, these bowls will be filled several times each day, yielding for successive months for ten or twelve years, from four to six quarts of sap, or honey water, as the natives call it; this gives the value of fifty dollars to each thrifty, producing plant. The sap is extracted by means of gourds with long necks, which are placed in the honey water, and those in charge of the work suck at apertures in the large end of the gourds; the air removed, the sap by atmospheric pressure is driven into the gourds; upon this the contents are emptied into pig-skin bags, and borne to large vats lined with ox hides having the hair inward, where it remains from twelve to fourteen days till it ferments; as soon as this chemical change takes place, the liquid is drawn off and drank, or sold as pulque. From this region, it is stated that eighty thousand gallons are daily shipped into the City of Mexico, and within a radius of a hundred miles of that city, a million gallons are daily carried into it, and drank within the next twenty-four hours, for it will not keep longer than that time. Pulque resembles in appearance milk, is acid to the taste like yeast, and sticky to the touch. At first thought, it is a wonder that anybody should ever drink the stuff, and yet upon second thought, it is not remarkable, as we recall the fact that a liking for luxuries is an acquired taste; thus it is with alcohol, opium, and tobacco; these drugs would not be used were it not for the excitement, or exhilaration, which they afford.

All here who can get pulque, drink it and some to drunkenness; whiskey and brandy are distilled from it; the Toltecs and Aztecs made use of it. Every nation, whether civilized or savage, seems to have some drug in common use, which unduly stimulates the human system. The Chinese get their spirituous drink from rice; the Americans, by brewing corn and rye with hops; the Islams from coffee; the Japanese from tea; the coolies of India from chewing the betel-nut; the English from rum; and the Scotch from whiskey. Some human beings do enjoy being fuddled; it is not so with any of the lower orders of animal life. How long will it be before men will cease to use knowingly any poison, relying upon water and the natural products to satisfy the wants of the body?

By and by upon our left we came in sight of two immense pyramids, in shape similar to those on the banks of the Nile; each of these covers over more space than does Cheops, but they are not so high; the larger was dedicated to the sun, and the smaller to the moon; they were constructed out of brick, and were the work of the Toltecs, but when they were built, no man knows, no records show; they may be two thousand years old and even more; when they shall come to be explored, their history may be revealed.

At Abiaco Station there were any number of Indians present with numerous bundles of canes for sale; some were plain and others fanciful; some were slender and others massive; some were light and others heavy; some were cheap and others dear; however, a deal of trading

FROM THE CITY OF MEXICO TO PUEBLA. 193

was done in the course of fifteen minutes, and our party went on, well caned. As the sun was casting his last rays from the loftiest mountains, bidding us "good day," our train entered the city of Puebla, often called the City of Angels; but the human beings that flocked about us, as we stepped from the cars, did not savor very much of the angelic.

This city is one hundred miles from the City of Mexico and twice that distance from the sea and Vera Cruz, and is seven thousand feet in altitude. The legend of its being founded is quaint and peculiar. The first Roman Bishop of Mexico, the good Fray Julian Garces, was planning to found a town somewhere between the Gulf and the City of Mexico. Having this in mind one eventful day, he fell into a reverie, or half asleep, and was made to feel that he saw a lovely plain watered by two rivers, dotted with gushing springs, and overtopped by lofty mountains. As he gazed, he saw two angels surveying the grounds and setting stakes to mark the site of a superb city. The vividness of the vision awoke him, and it was all so real, that he set about searching for the site the angels had selected, and, lo, he was so fortunate as quickly to come upon it, and at once he declared that here shall the future city be built, and be a rendezvous for pilgrims journeying from the sea to the great city.

Accordingly, a town soon sprung up, three hundred and fifty years ago, which has proved a great honor to the whole country, although it has been subject to precarious fortune, particularly within the last century; for in 1821

it was captured by Iturbide; in 1847, by General Scott; in 1863, by the French; and in 1867, by General Diaz, now the president of the republic.

Going into the city to investigate, I found it was built of granite, when it might have been constructed of marble, for this stone, as well as granite, is quarried near by in large quantities. It is reported to be the most choice city in the land; its streets are swept and washed daily; its drainage, like that in many oriental cities, runs down the centre of the paved streets. Its plazas are extra large and beautiful for a city of less than a hundred thousand inhabitants; great pains have been taken in arranging paths and ornamenting them with flowers, shrubs, trees, seats, and band stands; in the principal plazas, martial music is dispensed daily, at the expense of the government. Horse-cars thread the main streets; the pleasure vehicles are more comely than any before seen in the country. In spite of the good things, there is drudgery here as well as throughout the land. It is painful to see what burdens the peons bear through the streets; men and women come in from the country five, ten, and often more miles, bearing on their backs vast loads of produce. I saw in one instance four men with a heavy piano on their shoulders, struggling along the streets. At the hotels, the mezos will take monstrous Saratoga trunks on their backs, bearing them up long flights of stairs and through extended corridors and place them with care in their proper rooms, feeling that such straining is all right. Some humane society ought to take their part, and see that such an

abuse to human flesh is stopped. The servants, or those in charge of the rooms in public houses, are young men, who, as a rule, are extremely trusty and faithful. I have scarcely ever found waiters so reliable in any other country. I have never known of their thieving, or purloining the least thing from the guests.

Cripples and beggars are not on the street here as in most other places visited. I should judge that they do not exist, or, if they do, the municipal authorities keep them out of sight. The thorough-

fares teem with a hopeful and well-to-do people; even the barefooted peons seem to be of good cheer, and apparently have about all they desire.

The Plaza Mayor is a spacious and delightful square, furnished with all essentials to render it attractive; you can sit or walk in it at your pleasure, and enjoy the sweetest fragrance of charming roses, pinks, and pansies. Mer-



PUEBLA AQUADORES.

cantile establishments and Moorish *portales* nearly encompass this plaza, where the principal trading of the city is done. Here almost anything that is made, can be found ; however, the special display is that of onyx curiosities ; after examining these, it is no longer a wonder that the city should often be called the Onyx City. The quarry which supplies the stone is said to be inexhaustible ; it is the finest alabaster in the world ; and some of the useful works produced from it, express cultured taste and genius.



PLAZA PROMENADE.

In the market, a great display is made of the wheat grown in the vicinity ; the soil is such as to afford a large yield of cereals. Apples, peaches, pears, plums, and grapes, all of excellent quality and in large quantities, are grown.

The town is so much given to manufactures, that it is often called the Lowell of Mexico ; its resources are abundant and lasting. It has an extensive coal mine near by, an immense bed of kaolin for producing porcelain ware, large quantities of limestone for making lime

plaster, and an iron mine where foundries are kept running day and night.

The state of Puebla is so situated as to have a great variety of climate. About ten o'clock at night, I saw here for the first time the Southern Cross and the Polar Star at the same hour. I could not discover the whole of the Great Dipper; the North Star was close to the horizon.

In going round the world, there were some three weeks in clear weather that I did not see the Polar Star, because it was below the horizon, nor did I get sight of the Southern Cross, because the atmosphere to the south was all the while hazy during the night; so I regarded it fortunate, indeed, to be able to see so near the south pole, and, at the same time, able to observe the star that fixes sure the due north course to those on land and on the sea.

I was glad to be in Puebla on Sunday; the day is passed much as it is in Spain, France, Germany, and Italy; the fore part of the day is devoted largely to worship, and the afterpart to pleasure. At sunrise, the bells were sending out their calls for mass throughout the city. At nine o'clock, I found myself in front of the cathedral; approaching it, I was reminded of St. Paul's, London, and the Notre Dame of Paris, not that this one has striking resemblance to either, but, like them, it is grand and imposing. Many visitors have come to regard it superior to the cathedral of the City of Mexico, though not so large. Its walls are granite, and its side extends the

whole width of the Mayor Plaza. Its superb front embodies the Doric and Gothic styles, but the two magnificent towers, the Ionic. High up over the central door, is cut in bold relief the Golden Fleece. Eighteen bells hang in the towers, each weighing from five to ten tons; it is a mystery, why they should have so many bells on their churches, which are never used for chimes, but there they hang, one being rung on a certain day, and another on the next. Verily, the harmony and proportion of this cathedral are not surpassed by any other church, visited in the land. It is related by the Pueblans that, when in process of construction, men worked on it during the day and angels during the night, the latter doing as much as the former. Let this be as it may, it is a splendid blossoming out of the great mind that conceived it.

In a worshipful mood, I approached the huge swinging doors, heavily and strongly ironed; stepping over the threshold, I found myself in the midst of mass and a responsive service, and every now and then floods of sounds would fall upon the ear from the distant organ. Taking a general survey, I soon discovered that the interior of this edifice, in most respects does not detract from the exterior. Its lofty nave, broad aisles, the massive stone columns, the inlaid floor of colored marble, its altars, choirs, and chapels, all combine to render this the most elegant church in Mexico. Numerous suppliants were kneeling at the different altars, and before the High Altar a multitude were worshipping; the rich and poor

were mingling together in the service; any one observing them could not question their sincerity; no other religious people are more punctilious in fulfilling their spiritual duties; they are not surpassed in this regard by the ardent Mohammedans, the earnest Brahmins, or the devoted Hindoos. Of course, the thoughtful, looking without prejudice upon such a crowd, can but regret that they in their worship are not so quickened in thought and enlarged in knowledge as not to be carried away with mere sentiment, conveying the idea they are doing all this not so much from an intrinsic realization of duty, or that they love to do it for its own sake, as for the sake of reward, thereby gaining a passport to heaven. If they could only be made to feel that the real significance of life is character building, and that each one is responsible for the best possible use of time and opportunity allotted him, what a blessing this would be to such suppliants, and how it would tend to restrain them from pinning their salvation to the robe of any priest or saint.

In scanning some of the altars, the crucifixes above them, and certain pictures upon the walls, one could not easily refrain the criticism, too tawdry. Then observing the swinging of the censer, the so much bowing and kneeling of priests, and the intoning of the liturgical lesson, it is difficult to keep from thinking, all this is too formal; it is verily paying more deference to the letter than to the spirit. But in spite of this criticism of faults, there comes to mind the fact that, as yet, Catholicism and Polytheism have produced the great artists of the civi-

lized world. Protestantism, up to this date, has not brought forth a Raphael, or a Phidias.

From the sacristy let us pass to the chapter-room. The first glance into it shows that the traveler need not go to Italy to find an exquisite church interior, for look at the dome, the harmonious proportions, the Flemish tapestry, the pictures on the walls, the onyx table, around which a score of bishops might sit with ease, and the unique Spanish chairs, presented by Charles V. At times, I was reminded of being in the Duomo at Milan, or San Marco in Venice; perhaps, this church and chapel would not have been, had it not been for the grand church edifices across the sea.

The Mexican ladies in this vast assembly certainly wore the badge of health and vivacity, and the bright-eyed señoritas were full of life, and evidently rich in anticipation.

This certainly is a religious city, for it has as many churches as the City of Mexico, and from appearances, I should say, they give them good support.

The cause of education in Puebla is receiving more attention than in most other places. Many of the better class of men have come to see that true education is the only sure bulwark to a nation; that the speller and reader, not the sword and bayonet, are the essentials to uphold liberty. Not in the very long ago, illiteracy was popular here, and looked upon as something to boast of, but it is beginning to be far otherwise. The larger part of the better classes can read and write; but the peons

are largely in mental darkness; they have really been debarred from getting any education; they have been regarded by the Spanish as the coolies of Ceylon are by the English. The wealthy have felt that, if they should be educated, they could not be kept in subjection, and would cease to be faithful laborers. It will prove with them as with the negro of the South, the more he knows, or the better his education, the better citizen he makes. As the peons become educated, for they can be, having good natural ability, they will become elevated in thought, in purpose, in religion and worship, in character and fitness for a higher life. If the Pueblans support at the present time more schools, according to their population, than any other town of Mexico, they will do still better, outgrowing their present fondness for the bull-ring and cock-pit. Christian education is the sure panacea for the ills and drawbacks of mortal life.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHOLULA AND TLAXCALA.

On leaving Puebla, I had a feeling such as I had not experienced before since entering the land of silver, onyx, and opals; while this city has not the sparkle and gaiety of the City of Mexico, it has a kind of repose like the beauty of twilight, which time and experience only serve to deepen. So on the morning of leaving, I strolled from the train, as the marvelous wave of gold was climbing the gray beach of the eastern sky, and soon dashed splendor over the city and the wide-spreading landscape. At a swift pace walking here and there with no other object in view besides that of fastening memory-pictures more firmly in the mind, I took a farewell look at some of the plazas, the cathedral, the governor's palace, and the show windows around the Mayor Plaza. Every one met on the street was civil and polite; however, some of them loitered, as if they had a longer lease of life than they knew what to do with. It was not long before I was back to the train, making an experiment, as often does the school boy after having learned his geography lesson; shutting his eyes, he scans what he has been over with the mental sight, to decide how much of his lesson he has actually got. This I do know, that I left Puebla with many pleasant impressions.

Arrangements had been made to convey us to Cholula by tramway. I anticipated this digression with pleasure, for we were to visit the oldest town and sights, probably, of the country, and the very old is prone to be bewitching; so the world of scholars cross oceans, deserts, climb mountains, descend into caverns, and endure trying hardships for the sole purpose of seeing the ancient.

As we started out, our course being westward, the two snow-capped volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, were directly and close before us. It is not singular that the latter should often be called "The White Woman," for upon the summit was the prostrate form of a female figure, enwrapped in a snowy robe, whiter than linen. These are among the grandest mountains, and we were enjoying the best views we had had of them. Ruskin was right when he said that "mountains are the beginning and end of all natural scenery." Nothing would induce me to part with the recollection that I have of the Monadnock mountain, from the old home in which I was born.

Oaks, ashes, firs, and pines belt the sides of these mountains far towards their summits; flowers from the tropics to the frigid zone can be gathered in the course of two hours' climbing. The birds delight in their loftiness; the eagle and hawk scream and whistle around their summits; and song birds of all latitudes find their coveted climate somewhere from base to crown. These elevations being volcanos, reveal at once how they were formed, by upheavals and outpouring of lava; their pina-



CHOLULA, POPOCATEPETL, AND IXTACCIHUATL.

cles are some two miles above us; they are unfailing sentinels to all the region around.

The rolling prairie over which we were passing, was largely covered with maguey plants, alfalfa, and wheat, out of the ground barely enough to render the surface green. The tramway ran along the highway, which has no rounded road-bed, nor is it paved.

Throngs of peons, men and women, were trudging towards Puebla, with heavy burdens upon their backs. We crossed a river which evidently at flood-time is a flood, but now it was running little water; clumps of cottonwood and willow trees were scattered along the banks. Haciendas were passed, in whose fields large numbers of swine and cattle were feeding.

In less than forty minutes we were landed in a woe-begone village of three thousand inhabitants, whose adobe buildings are scattered over a deal of space that was once occupied by five hundred thousand stirring people.

I was after ruins, and from experience in the East, I expected to find a dilapidated people here, for only such seem to linger and dwell among old wastes. There can be no question but here are some of the oldest ruins in Mexico; the object of special attraction is the pyramid which rises above the surrounding country two hundred feet, and covers an area of twenty-three acres, twice as much ground as does the pyramid of Cheops; it was a hundred and sixty feet square on the top, having been constructed out of adobe brick from twelve to fourteen inches square



PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.

and four inches thick ; a portion of them were sunburnt, and others kilnburnt.

It is a tremendous mound, for such it seems to-day, as you survey the grass, shrubbery, and trees upon the sides and on a part of the top. The mound which the English erected on the field of Waterloo to commemorate their victory over the French, is but a pigmy compared to this, yet the English speak of that as a wondrous work.

It is known that it was here when the Aztecs took the land from the Toltecs, and there are legends to the effect that it was here when the latter came in possession of the land. One myth says it was built by a race of giants, descendants from two who survived a deluge that overspread the land ; their intention to start with, was to raise it to heaven, but they incurred the displeasure of their gods, who sent forth fire and destroyed them. This story is similar to the legend of Babylon and the history of the Noachian flood. On the summit of this pyramid was built a massive temple in honor of Quetzalcoatl, the god of the air, whose huge image was crowned with flames of fire, holding in one hand a jeweled sceptre and in the other an emblem of his reign over the winds. As we climbed the stone steps up a winding path to the top, we found no remnant of the old temple which was here when Cortez first came to the magnificent city. It was speedily demolished and a Roman church built in its place.

The pyramid has never been explored to any extent : in building a railroad a few years since, one corner was

cut through, so as to expose the layers of brick and the skeletons of two human beings. The more I examined it, the more I was reminded of the ruins of old Babylon ; the pile resembles that of Birs Nimrod ; both are pyramidal in shape and placed so as to correspond precisely with the cardinal points, being made out of brick of about the same kind and size ; and each story was drawn in, to leave terraces round the whole work. In the room of the upper story of Birs Nimrod was a solid golden statue of Merodach, the god of the sun, being forty feet high in a sitting posture. This tower was built and dedicated to seven different planets, and the top was devoted nights to star-gazing. Babylon was built entirely out of brick ; the people could not do otherwise, for there was no stone, or timber, within a long distance ; accordingly, the city of Babylon, with its walls sixty-seven miles in extent, three hundred feet high, and one hundred feet thick at the base, and so wide on top as to allow of three horse chariots racing abreast, the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, the hanging gardens, the wharves along the Euphrates, were all made out of brick from twelve to fourteen inches square and four inches thick.

Now, the adobe brick here are about the same size and thickness. I could not refrain from asking, How can we account for such likeness only on the ground that the builders of this and other ancient pyramids of Mexico sprung directly, or indirectly, from the Chaldeans? The pyramids and the old temples here might have been built out of porphyritic stone, trap-rock, or marble, for they

were in abundance and near by; and it seems that, if they had been constructed by men raised up in the country, they would have made use of one, or all, of these materials. This would have been more natural and cheaper for them. But I can readily understand, if these builders had emigrated from a country where they had been accustomed to make brick, or see them made, the art being inbred in their natures, how they should naturally take to it here on a larger scale.

The Babylonians were familiar with the heavenly bodies; they invented a zodiac, from which it would seem that ours must have been copied; they divided the year into twelve months, and the week into seven days; they used the sun-dial and the water-clock. We do not know but the Toltecs were here six hundred years before Christ; history asserts that they were here six hundred years after; and at that time there were astronomers among them who were able to calculate the motion of the sun and the length of the solar year; some of them were curious workers in gold, silver, and precious stones, the same as there had been among the dwellers by the Euphrates river.

Can it be possible that the peons, who were about us while at Cholula, were descendants from a people once highly civilized? I think so, because, though they are unable to read and write, they are superior to the present issue of the old Chaldeans, as they are seen in the city of Hillah on the site of ancient Babylon, or in other ruined cities on the banks of the Tigris. Ancient Chaldea, no

doubt, sent characters into Egypt who developed into the builders of the pyramids, temples, and tombs, and twenty thousand cities along the Nile, when Memphis was the brilliant capital of that country. Who knows but some of their race got across the Atlantic ocean about the same time and settled in Mexico and at Cholula? It is lamentable that Cortez should have been such an iconoclast, as he entered this land, destroying recklessly, so far as he could, the works of the Aztecs and of all who had dwelt here before them. Had he spared these, perhaps writings might have been discovered which would throw light upon the origin of these pyramids, and the pedigree of the people. He not only forced the Aztecs to demolish their own temples, but to erect Roman churches in their place. In writing back to Spain from this city, he says that he counted in it four hundred and fifty towers, and that there were not more than two to any one temple. If this be true, what a downfall of temples there must have been, and what an uprising of Roman churches! Some forty of these are still scattered about the pyramid, in a state of decay, and perhaps the larger half are not opened at all. After Cortez established the inquisition, it did bloody work, and was little improvement upon the frightful barbarity of the Aztecs in making human sacrifices to their gods upon the summits of their temples and pyramids, though we are informed that twelve hundred were laid at the feet of Quetzalcoatl in one day.

Two other pyramids, very much smaller in size, stand not far from this monster, whose history is lost in oblivion.

Cortez evidently endeavored to magnify the faults of the forlorn and conquered Mexicans, and enlarge upon his own virtues and religious deeds; he feigned to have all his acts smiled upon by the Virgin, and published them with the view of self-emolument.

The inquisition did not allow anything to be published until it had run the gauntlet of its censorship. From this fact, the Indians stood no chance of fair representation of their doings being justly recorded upon the pages of history; but, on the other hand, the Spaniards could be pictured as saints and unsurpassed workers for the cause of humanity, when really their deeds were demoniacal in the highest degree. In spite of Cortez's concealment and extreme religious conviction, the most reliable tradition has handed down the report that on one occasion he slaughtered three thousand Cholulans without the least provocation. He did it simply to show his authority, to intimidate and bring the living into fullest submission.

It is not strange that Cortez's religion failed to give success to this city, or prosperity to the country. It was not vital with him; he used it as a means to promote his own self-aggrandizement.

From the above, it is plain why Mr. Prescott should present such an entrancing history of Mexico, and paint in high colors the characteristics of the Spaniards, and, for the most part, represent the Aztecs and their descendants as ignoble barbarians. He was obliged to rely largely upon Spanish records for his information, and therefore, while Mr. Prescott desired to give us authentic

history, we can see how, from necessity, it would be partial and favor too much Cortez and his followers.

As I walked across the plaza, once so beautiful, now so still, yet growing a few wasting trees, and passed on by some huts and heard and saw the hand looms, kept in motion by natives, weaving cotton goods, I could scarcely imagine that Cholula once rivaled the court of Montezuma. From the actions of the present generation and their common appearance, I would not infer that their ancestors were ever curious moulders of clay, yet some of the specimens dug from the ruins are of the most delicate kind of pottery, surpassing in beauty and elegance anything of the sort found elsewhere in this country, or in Greece, or Egypt.

When among the wastes of Babylon, Nineveh, Memphis, and Thebes, I expected to find much of striking interest and was not disappointed, but, as I entered this land, I did not anticipate great things; but I have found infinitely more than I had imagined could exist. I would like to see this magnificent pile so penetrated and opened up as to expose all the things which it now holds in secret. I am confident this will be done. If the old city were a Mecca for countless pilgrims from home and abroad, its ruins would allure archæologists and seekers to know the past and the truth pertaining to the new and old, to that extent, at least, which would exhume the arcana of these wondrous pyramids, bringing the discovered knowledge of the past to bear upon the present, so as to enlighten the future.

We returned from Cholula to Puebla and then by steam to Santa Ana, where again we took the tramway for another outing of six miles in a northerly, and then westerly, direction, bringing us once more close under the shadows of the two snowy and fiery volcanos. Our course was through the country village of San Pablo Apetitlan, consisting of small, adobe cabins. A stop of a few minutes enabled us to inspect several of the homes, each consisting of a single room, where the whole family live, eat, and sleep, without any light or ventilation, except what comes in through the open door. There were no chairs, tables, benches, beds, fireplaces, or chimneys to be seen. The people here, as elsewhere in the country, are Indians; more than two thirds of the Mexicans are of Aztec extraction.

The general aspect of the land in this region is somewhat picturesque, being broken into hills and valleys, yet the soil is deep and productive. The peons were busy carting and plowing with burros, making ready to plant and sow their corn and wheat. A part of the way our road was lined with robust willows and cottonwood trees. We crossed quite a river whose intervals looked refreshingly green. In some forty minutes from the time of leaving the steam cars, we halted in a vale where, at first, there was not a house to be seen, but, as we crossed the plaza, we could count a few dilapidated structures and a small number of inferior folk were occupying moss-covered seats with apparently nothing to do, who really were dying of "antiquity"; for here we were in the

place of the oldest Spanish settlement in North America. To the south and west the surface rose somewhat abruptly into lofty hills, which were once covered with stately and attractive buildings, when Tlaxcala was swarming with



APPROACHING TLAXCALA.

three hundred thousand inhabitants in place of three thousand, as at present. A woe-begone stillness seemed to be filling the air. The poor mortals looked and acted as though they were verily "growing small." Patches of rank maguey plants were scattered about the village, and, from appearance of affairs, I judged that the people were dependent on these for their living. I know this plant has been said to give health, wealth, and happiness to the Mexicans, but it certainly does not afford much outward wealth here. It is true, they may get their

fuel from the old plant; they may use its leaves for shingles; work the coarse fibre into mats and ropes; the thorns of the leaves can proffer them nails and pins; the sap may yield them drink; and the caterpillars, which are common to the plant, they may devour with as much gusto as the Chinese consume rats, cats, and slunken pigs; or the Japanese, monkeys; or the Parisians, frogs; or the cannibals of Sumatra, human flesh.



STREET AND PLAZA, TLAXCALA.

The school that I visited presented pupils in rags and nudeness; still, most of their faces were sunny, and they studied so loud as to prove that they were endowed with good lungs.

We desired to visit, above all else, the museum here, which is never open to the public for the reason it does

not mean anything to the people generally; still, it is free to visitors, when the key can be found. In our case, it was the longest while before the custodian could be secured to unlock the door. As he came, he was full of good nature, and, before taking us into the museum, he invited us into the council room, where we saw upon the walls the portraits of the famous Indian chiefs who first allied themselves to Cortez and his cause. Their faces indicate that they were men of brains. Other portraits of Spanish characters hung upon the wall, but the Indian faces bear off the palm.

Going to the museum, we were first introduced to the images, or idols, of pagan gods which the natives were accustomed to worship; here was made prominent the banner of Cortez which he presented to the Tlaxcalans in 1520; it is nine by six feet in dimensions, cut with a swallow tail; its colors are bright, giving no signs of age; it is protected by a glass case; its iron spear-head bears the monogram of the sovereigns of Spain. Here are the arms of Tlaxcala, illuminated on parchment and signed by Charles V; the robes are shown which the chieftains wore at their baptism, equal in workmanship to anything of the kind that is produced at the present day. In the corridor stands the chest in which Cortez kept his silver and gold, having been furnished with four different locks; he appointed four custodians to have charge of it, each having a key and staking his life for the safety of the chest; and whenever it was opened all four of the keepers must be present. There are many other personal

relics of Cortez in the exhibit. I saw a few specimens of fine petrifications found in the vicinity.

Were this museum in some of our northern institutions, or cities, it would be so arranged and improved as to be of great value and interest to the people at large. What a pity it is to have valuable treasures in the midst of a community that has no appreciation of their worth!

Leaving this building we proceeded through the market, which did not have in it more than a dozen men and women, who apparently had nothing to do, but were jabbering away in the Aztec tongue, probably about the new comers who looked, no doubt, as strange to them as they did to us; ascending quite an incline, we came to the barrack, in which were forty soldiers, needing some excitement to wake them up. The barrack building was formerly a convent, which was confiscated about the time Maximilian came to the country.



OLD CONVENT.

A short way on, we came to the church of San Francisco overlooking the village, which is the oldest Roman church in America, having been built in 1521, the same year the conquest was completed. It is Spanish in style, and that means it is Italian, Grecian, and Gothic in

elaboration. It is in a fair state of preservation, yet bearing the marks of age; its altar is highly decorated. To the right of the nave and the altar is the chapel of Tecero-Oden; at its entrance is the large stone font, weighing tons, which held the water at the time of the baptism of the Indian chiefs, and afterwards for the baptism of myriads more. Further on is the stone pulpit, whose worn steps evidence that they have been trodden by priestly feet for centuries.



CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A short distance in front of this church is the bull-ring, another Spanish institution.

One cannot enjoy inspecting the relics of Cortez as he would, could he feel that the invader had been a good man, prompted by lofty motives in his marvelous career. Tlaxcala was his first resting place after he reached the

table-lands, and it is natural for us, after having seen so many relics connected with his sojourn here and elsewhere, to learn something more of his personal history. Accordingly, a slight digression may be permissible.

It is stated, on the best authority, that he had a fine physique, a commanding presence, an expressive face, and an eloquent tongue; he was born in 1483, the same year of Martin Luther. In his early life he was frequently given to deception and hypocrisy, yet paid unflinching loyalty to kings and nobles whom he felt would promote his self-aggrandizement. This explains why he was so attentive to the sovereigns of Spain. He was ambitious to become immensely rich, believing that wealth would give him prestige, and, therefore, he was sordidly avaricious, ready to sacrifice everything to the gratification of gain. He deserted his faithful wife in Spain, probably murdered his second one in Cuba, and shamefully treated Marina, his devoted interpreter and the mother of his acknowledged son. Marina saved his life more than once at the risk of her own, and yet after all, Cortez ill-treated and forsook her.

He was aided by the king and queen of Spain, leaving that country with fifteen vessels, one hundred and ten mariners, five hundred and thirty-three soldiers, several women servants, sixteen horses, and increased this force with cannon and two hundred Indians as he touched at Cuba. His watchword to his subordinates was, "Let us follow the Roman cross and under this sign, if we have faith, we shall conquer."

He landed in Mexico, March, 1519. He was bitterly opposed by the Mexicans, but he adroitly subdued them along the coast, compelling them to give up their gods and accept instead the Virgin and the pope.

Among his early captives was la Marina, who was mentally and morally gifted, and soon mastered the Spanish language so as to be an efficient interpreter.

Discontent soon arose among his own men, and they desired to return to beloved Spain. Upon this, Cortez secretly caused all his vessels to be destroyed but one, and then he said to his men that those who felt that they must return to their native land at once, deserting the noble cause that had brought them to this land of promise, let them come forward. Of course they could see that only a few could return at most, and the few were not ready to desert the rest; so Cortez gained his point, and forced them all to remain.

It was not long before forty-five hundred Mexicans were overcome by the comparatively few Spaniards. It was brains against brawn, as it was on the plains of Marathon, the few conquering the many. But Cortez declared that it was St. Peter who had given them the victory, and so required all to join in mass to the victor.

Montezuma, learning of the Spanish ingress to his country, sent greetings and presents to Cortez valued at one hundred thousand dollars, which were accepted and at once sent to Spain. It was not long before other presents came from Montezuma, which were worth millions of dollars, and these were forwarded to Charles V,

king of Spain. Cortez sent greetings and thanks to Montezuma, dissembling as to the real object he had in view in entering his country; he feigned friendship and good-will towards him.

Cortez was adroit and prepared to do anything that would enrich himself and advance his religion. Mohammed spread his religion by the Koran and the sword; Cortez his, by the sword and the Roman cross.

August, 1521, Cortez started, with four hundred and fifty Spanish soldiers, fifteen horses, six cannon, and fifteen hundred Totonac Indians, to cross the plains and climb to the table-lands towards the City of Mexico. It was to be a difficult march and a tremendous climb up the Cordilleras mountains. They pushed on, making no lengthy stop till they reached Tlaxcala, whose people were friendly to the Totonac Indians, and these were sent first into the city, expecting and hoping that they would induce the Tlaxcalans to let Cortez and all his force into their midst at once; but this project failed. At this time, the city and its district contained five hundred thousand inhabitants, one tenth of whom were soldiers. At this pitch, they made ready for defense; so war at once began. Again, it was the few against the many. The Tlaxcalans were speedily overcome, and thousands of them were ruthlessly slaughtered and so completely overpowered as to renounce their own religion and accept Romanism.

Cortez was unmercifully cruel in his operations, as a single illustration, out of many, will show: He took fifty

Tlaxcalan soldiers, cut off their hands, and then sent them back into their own ranks, to let their friends see what their fate would be should they persist in warring against him and his army. After such unheard-of cruelty and the loss of thousands, the Tlaxcalans gave up, renounced their gods, and accepted the religion of Cortez, being baptized in haste, one priest administering the rite to five thousand in one day.

It is plain to see that they were converted only in form: they were polytheists from the force of education, and many of their descendants remain so even to this day. After Montezuma knew of Cortez' proceedings here, he kept sending presents to him, and Cortez accepted them as from one whom he wished well, till he felt prepared to make an onslaught upon the city and, if it were possible, usurp power over it.

Being reënforced by more Spanish soldiers, cannon, and powder from Cuba, he felt in readiness, his army being composed of Spaniards, Totonacs, Tlaxcalans, Cholulans, and others, to the number of six thousand. As they marched forth, the Castilians composed the van.

The Mexicans could but see now what Cortez was after, having allied himself to those Indians who were enemies to Montezuma and his followers. It is no wonder, as they saw Cortez advancing to enter their city, that they should rise and shut their gates against him. Thereupon, hostilities were furiously commenced. A gigantic enemy was partly within their walls. At this,

Montezuma was terribly oppressed in mind, and died with a broken heart the day before the "sorrowful night," and his nephew, Guatemotzin, was made his successor.

At first, Cortez tried, in a friendly way, to bring the king to his terms, but he failed in this, and forthwith he laid his plans to conquer the city. In the course of six months he was successful, venting his wrath and spite in a most malignant spirit upon the conquered. It makes your blood run cold to read of the tortures inflicted upon Guatemotzin,—more cruel than those used by the Doges at Venice—to induce him to make known where the treasures of the city were concealed; but as he did not succeed in this, and afterwards learned that they had been cast into the lake, Cortez caused the king and his beautiful queen to be hung upon a tree, in the most public and spiteful manner, to intimidate and bring into speedy subjection the Mexicans. All this was done in the name of his religion. How a bad man may dishonor the highest statements of theology and disgrace the best principles of Christianity!

Cortez' life proves that he was an unmitigated fraud. He struggled to build himself up on the downfall of others. He was ready to thrust the dagger into the bosom of his best friend, if he could gain riches or fame thereby. He published inexcusable lies about the Mexicans, making them to be the worst of barbarians, and pictured in glowing rhetoric his own achievements, making himself out the greatest of heroes, and his enemies, satanic fiends. His real life reads more like a romance,

with but a few shadows of the truth. He deserves to be classed with Nero, Tiberius, and Caligula. Blight and mildew followed in his track, and when Maximilian undertook to advance in his footsteps, in the name of Romanism, he was defeated and lost his head, and fair Carlotta became insane. Right only, in the end can prevail.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM ESPERANZA TO THE STATE OF VERA CRUZ.

One could have little desire to tarry long in Tlaxcala, specially after having seen the museum, and the church of San Francisco. Our course was reversed as soon as convenient, returning to our palace cars, and then speeding eastward to Esperanza, situated on the flank of Orizaba eight thousand feet above the sea and nearly eleven thousand feet beneath his summit. As we were approaching the grand old mountain, he cast down upon us a setting sun-glow, equal to the finest ever enjoyed in the valley of Chamouny, or Martigny among the Alps. It takes lofty snow, a peculiar atmosphere, and the departing sunlight, to produce such a coloring as Titian or Leonardo was unable to put upon the canvas.

A clearer sky never hung over a picturesque country than that which brooded over Esperanza through the night. While the stars were shining, the Southern Cross gave warm welcome to northern eyes which were open to see. As the sun flecked the morning sky, and shot down gold and silver from the crown of Orizaba, the ground around sparkled with frost crystals. As we went out, the air was crisp, and there was creaking under the shoes as we walked the platform and the frozen ground. The four famous mountains that have been looking down upon us

for days past, were still giving us their greeting with many others of less altitude. Oh, the mountains are the striking delight of the earth! How they temper the climate, and coax the clouds from an invisible realm, inducing them to drop refreshment upon the parched and thirsty earth. Then their sides represent the different zones, producing the vegetation of all climates. They are the loftiest expression of the sublime. How they came to be, we cannot say; God spake, and they were! February twenty-sixth, we were to descend from the tablelands to the hot regions. It had been said that the trip would surpass anything thus far experienced in Mexico. I felt that if it were to outvie the descent from San Luis Potosi to Tampico, it would be marvellously thrilling. I had often read strange things of the route, how travellers had come from the Alps, the Highlands of Scotland, and even from the Himalayas, to ride over this road of daring engineering and wondrous scenery, and having done so, they had quite exhausted their vocabulary of adjectives in expressing their surprise and feelings, beholding the work and the scenery. I had learned how the construction of the road from Vera Cruz to the capital city had taken thirty-five years. It was far more difficult to build than Napoleon's road over the Simplon Pass, or the railroad over the Saint Gothard route.

An engine of twice the capacity of an ordinary one is to draw and hold our train. In due time, the call goes round, "All is in readiness," and for a few minutes there is bustling and hastening in leaving the Pullman cars, and

going to the train bound for Vera Cruz. Soon all are comfortably seated, the whistle blows, the bell strikes, the ponderous engine puffs, and we move onward. Soon the mountains come closer together, the valleys and grooves down their sides exhibit the effects of glacial action. The dip of the ledges is mostly perpendicular, being composed of limestone, trap-rock, granite, and lava. Pine, cottonwood, spice, oak, and other species of trees clothe the mountain sides. The railroad track zigzags down the declivities, passing every now and then through tunnels, and along the brinks of terrific chasms. It is dashing out of sight and into the fullest view of Orizaba. He seems to be swaying his sceptre like a heroic knight, bidding our train go here and there, that we might catch the fairest views, and be surprised at the most exciting prospects.

The drop to the mile is said to be on an average one hundred and thirty-five feet ; we can feel perceptibly the descent as we move along ; in many places the track is cut shelf-like into the mountain sides. What a piece of engineering it was to hang this road along jagged rocks and over yawning precipices ! It often renders us giddy to gaze into the fearful depths. Should the train leap the track, what an inevitable fall there would be, down, down thousands of feet ! It is soothing to recall, when thus oppressed, the current report that no accident has occurred on this road since the cars began to run. The ragged walls to which the track is often wired spider-web fashion, are hung with abundant growth of flowers, jungles of ferns, tangles of morning-glories, webs of ivy, and

patches of rhododendrons, bending so close to the car windows as almost to touch them. As we whirl on criss-cross, there appears to be no end to the abundance and variety of plants which come to view; here is a whole cluster of white panicles like our lilacs, and there are umbels, racemes, spikes, and capitula, of the greatest diversity of colors; and then as we look into the top of trees, what delicate and charming orchids shake their scarlet and golden blossoms so invitingly as we pass them! If our train would stop but for a minute, how we could and would pluck them!

The bees and butterflies are thick among the blossoms. I do not see them in swarms as I did the bees among the heather bloom on the side of the Lebanon mountains, or the butterflies, as in Ceylon when they were making their annual flight from the land to the sea; they were so numerous as to becloud the sun from us for some little time. We do rejoice when the train halts at La Bota to supply the engine with water, giving the passengers the opportunity to step out of the cars, looking up to the towering heights encircling them, and down into the valleys which are cleared and cut up into fields and dotted with cabins. It is a question, whether the train stopped so much for water, as it did to give us a chance for an uplook, an outlook, and a downlook. To say the least, the afforded enjoyment beggars all description. To have the views and feel them, vouchsafes a lasting joy.

Indian men and women, boys and girls, were here the instant we stepped from the cars, yet there is no village



MOUNT ORIZABA, FROM "THE DEVIL'S BALCONY."

within miles ; whence they came is a mystery, nevertheless they are here with any quantity of orchids for sale. They climbed and plucked from the nooks and crotches of the trees these air plants ; many of their blossoms are exquisitely beautiful ; we can buy for a few cents what would cost as many dollars in New York city. After being resplendently regaled and surfeited with bouquets, we step aboard and are again on the move, and soon pass through a long tunnel, coming out upon an extended bridge spanning a broad, deep chasm, and when upon its centre the train stops to grant the passengers the privilege to scan the up-reaching, yawning gorge, receiving at the same time beautiful and awful pictures, and then to gaze down the terrific abyss, to be overwhelmed with the tremulously sublime, and overwhelmingly appalling. Less than two miles in a straight line far below us is the village of Maltrata, but our train must make twelve miles to reach it. As we come to the station, the barometer gives information that we have dropped two thousand, four hundred and forty-three feet since leaving Esperanza, a distance of sixteen miles. Ah, the Indians that we left at La Bota, and many others, are here with orchids to sell. They are so cheap and attractive that the tourists purchase more than they really want.

The natives are not large in size, but straight as an arrow, and seem to be very kindly disposed. Most of them make a living by cultivating the soil. The improved fields would imply that they are industrious ; their farming implements are a hundred years behind the times ; their

small houses are made out of wood and stone, and roofed with red tiling. We are now in a deep valley from one to three miles wide, whose soil is deep and rich for growing corn, wheat, and cotton. A river from the mountains runs



ATOYAC FALLS.

through it, which must overflow the intervals in flood-time. As we go on, the descent is still rapid, and we soon enter the canõn and pass just above the "Infernillo," meaning the little hell; in this instance it is burning hot out of the



ENTERING ORIZABA.

fearful place, and away down in the depths is foaming water, instead of seething flames.

If one could only be let down gently into its waters, it would be a pleasant experience to tarry there at least for an hour. Crossing a bridge that is one hundred and forty feet above the bottom of the precipice, we go through another long tunnel and come out into the fairest valley of cascades ; the views are now captivating, and while being satiated with land-

scape pictures, we enter the city of Orizaba, which is on the rim of tropic lands. The barometer shows that since leaving Esperanza we have descended forty-one hundred feet.

A glance at this old city, of sixteen thousand inhabitants, reminds me in a striking manner of Domo D' Ossola, which is among the foothills of the Alps. It is beautiful for situation, and like the old Italian town, has long been a resort for summer visitors. Its tile roofs, church towers and steeples resemble Italy more than any town on the Thames or the Rhine. The old mountains, after which the city was named, whose nomenclature signifies moun-

tain of the star, looms aloft in cloudless outline. The valley widens here, and has a fine climate the year round, averaging in the summer seventy-four degrees Fahrenheit and in the winter sixty degrees. The scenery is that of Alpine Italy. Oranges, lemons, bananas, flourish here, while sugar-cane, cotton, and tobacco are produced, and rival those of any other part of the world. In this state, cotton is more prolific than in any other division of Mexico, yielding about two thousand pounds to the acre, while the yield in South Carolina is not half as much. Sugar can be produced much cheaper than in Texas or Louisiana. Water seems to be the only enrichment the soil demands. In perambulating the town there is nothing strange, or surprisingly novel

to be seen. The parish church, San Miguel, and the city hall are handsome buildings of stone. It is evident that earthquakes have occasionally shaken the city, judging from the spires and towers that are out of plumb. The Indians far outnumber the Creoles and the Spaniards. The people look healthy, and do not become gray till they are far the other side of fifty



RIO BLANCO RIVER.



CITIZEN OF ORIZABA.

years old. Their eyes are sparkling black, and their teeth pearly white. The better class are usually interested in the cause of education; they give their children more schooling than do other cities. The citizens are characterized by their suavity and politeness; no doubt, this is due, in a measure, to the many visitors to the city from abroad.

Some of the front yards exhibit a fine display of roses and lilies, and the campus by the depot is really a small paradise of beauties. In the enclosure of one of the churches, I saw a tulipan tree wholly ablaze with scarlet blossoms. Most of the trucking is

done, as in Turkish towns, on the backs of burros, and men; their ancestors were accustomed to do thus, and they seem bound to do as their fathers did.

Orizaba has been a strategic point between the Gulf and the City of Mexico. General Bazaine held his army here for some time, and the French army stopped here waiting for Maximilian much longer than the people were pleased to have it. It was expected that the emperor would abdicate his assumed throne and return to Austria; but on his arrival and consultation with the French gen-

eral, he was led to believe that on the return of the French army to Paris, Napoleon III would be induced to send in some way relief to the would-be emperor. So Maximilian repaired to an inviting village two miles south of Orizaba where he tarried till discouraged in waiting for assistance from Napoleon and Pius the Ninth. It must now have been, a sore regret that he did not embark on the vessel which was in readiness to bear him away in safety. He was inclined to do so, but his aristocratic feelings and education forbade it: then the priests and church party entreated him to remain: and, most of all, his beloved Carlotta besought him to hold to the throne, assuring him that in the end he would be triumphant. Away she went across the sea, daring greatest dangers, and even prepared to die for the sake of her husband, if that would insure his success. Back to the City of Mexico he went, then to Querétaro, where he fell a deluded martyr to his unjust cause, and Carlotta became so heart-broken because of her failures before the French emperor and the pope, that she lost her mind and was forced into an asylum.



OUR FIRST VISIT TO THE CITY



AT THE STATION.

Proceeding from Orizaba, we surely find ourselves in tropical heat. Fields of sugar-cane, pine-apples, mangoes, and pomegranates abound; now and then, thick jungles put in their appear-

ance, where pose wild game, and venomous reptiles. Our descent is still rapid; at length we are running along the brink of the Rio Metlac river, which is far below us, and in one instance a thousand feet. In old Roman times of great road-building, they would not have dreamed of any such engineering as was required to stretch this road across such a threatening gorge. It was refreshing in this hot climate to see dashing water, though hundreds of feet below us. The so-called Iron Gates along the Danube river look like boys' play, contrasted with the matchless undertaking of bridging this almost fathomless gulf.

Fairly across the river, a stop is made, to let all who may wish go out a short distance, through an ambrosial, but artificial avenue, to witness a water-fall of remarkable beauty. It was a decided comfort to be in the deep shade and see and hear the roar of the tumbling tide. The ferns drooping from the rocks, and the orchids waving their plumes at every gust of wind, did impart a cooling influence. Were I to live in this climate, I would

wish to dwell in some dell, where I could hear the rushing water beat against huge stones.

When back at the train, advancing we soon discover the domes and towers of Cordova, rising among tall, umbrageous trees, and in a few moments more the brakes hold us fast at the station. As we go out, it seems scarcely possible that so great a change as we experience could take place in the course of a few hours. There is no likeness between Esperanza and Cordova. It appears almost as though we had got into a new world. We are now two hundred miles from the City of Mexico, and less than sixty miles from the Gulf, being in the central part of the state of Vera Cruz.

Palm trees are spreading their fronded tops over us to shield us from the piercing sunlight, as we go towards the city of seven thousand inhabitants. How nature adapts man to different conditions, making him a cosmopolite, so that it is possible for him to dwell on arctic snow, or on torrid sand. The houses of the people are frail edifices, made out of bamboo standards, covered with coarse reeds and thatched with palm leaves, having conical steep roofs to shed the rain. The dooryards are shared commonly by pigs, chickens, turkeys, and children. The people are dressed in white cotton, and wear broad-brimmed straw hats. They move about as if they had no concern about yesterday, to-day, or tomorrow. The town looks as if it had been recently shipped from the corner quarter of the world. Fruit-vendors hawk about a mass of oranges, pine-apples, bananas, and mangoes. The

supply must be greater than the demand, and so two oranges are sold for a cent, and other fruit equally cheap. It cannot cost the natives much to live, for everything here needful to support life comes so easy; they ought to make money and rejoice in work, because of the sure compensation; still they act as though time dragged slowly, and that they would be glad to have somebody breathe for them.

Coffee, sugar, and cotton are the staple products. We visit a mill where the natives are crushing out the sweet



A SUGAR MILL.

nectar from sugar-cane by the means of heavy iron rollers, and then boiling it down to thick syrup, run it into pound cups, and when cool, sell it for three cents a pound.

Coffee grows from the coast far up towards the tablelands; it requires plenty of shade, heat, and moisture, so the plants are set among palms and other trees, beginning

to bear the third or fourth year. The productive tree blooms annually three times, but the first and second blossoms are picked off, allowing the third only to yield fruit. The plant often grows to be from fifteen to twenty feet high, but for the most part they are cut back and not allowed to exceed eight feet in height. The leaves are oblong, hardy, and contain the poison known as caffeine. The flowers are white, fragrant, and grow in



COFFEE PLANTATION.

clusters. A coffee tree in bloom is exceedingly beautiful. The fruit is red, or has a cherry-purple surface, enclosing a yellowish pulp, in which are usually two seeds. When the outside assumes a darkish red color, and the skin shrivels somewhat, the coffee is ready for picking.

The coffee is now being gathered and laid in the sun to dry, and after a few days it will be pressed under rollers to free it from husks, and then the real seeds will be further dried in the shade, so as not to lose the aroma. If the coffee fields were as well cared for as they are in Ceylon and Mocha, and the seed as well cured, the people would excel the rest of the world in raising coffee.

The bananas are of excellent quality, and furnish most of the food for the lower classes. They grow upon annual plants, from six to ten feet tall, with broad leaves

at the top of the plants, and out of this cluster of leafage an acorn-shaped bud is developed, which hangs suspended by a strong stem ; at length, the bud-leaves unfold and drop off, leaving a cluster of young fruit, which gradually enlarges, till at harvest there are from seventy-five to one hundred bananas. After this, the stalk droops and dies to



THE TROPICS.

the ground, and sprouts come forth to produce a new crop. The peon here may gather a harvest four times each year in a summer atmosphere.

We find little of special interest in the sweltering city, till we come to a magnificent garden, but a short distance from the market. It is crowded with a luxuriant growth of flowers, fruits, and foliage, being so thick as to darken the many avenues leading in different directions to seats, foun-

tains, and band-stands. It is a much-frequented place, and has come to be regarded as a veritable elysium. In this garden, birds of all sizes and of beautiful plumage are plentiful. Humming-birds, butterflies of all sizes and colors, as well as countless insects, thrive here.

The rancheros of the hot region usually work from five o'clock in the morning to eleven, and from three o'clock in the afternoon to seven. Somehow the climate appears to take the vim out of them, making them willing to lie still, unless there is a good chance for hunting, for which they have a decided liking; they know just the lair in which to search for the wild boar, or to start up the deer, or to track the untamed turkey. The rivers and indentations along the coast are well supplied with fish and turtles. Scarcely any of the common people can read or write, and when they think of marrying, they are obliged to bestir themselves in memorizing a portion of the catechism.

But few foreigners can long endure this climate; the malaria, the poisonous insects and reptiles, are certain to prove more than a match for them. Distance may lend charms to this surfeiting of flowers and luxuriant vegetation, but when one comes to dwell in their midst, and experience the excessive heat and the extra collaterals, he soon wearies of them, and deserts them, if it is possible to do so. Often have I heard Englishmen and Scotchmen, dwelling in India or Egypt, bitterly complain of the incessant hot weather, and wish themselves back in their native land. They would often say, "Give us any other land for a home rather than one of constant summer."

Take a typical New England family, in which the father has been accustomed to rise at four o'clock in the morning the year round. The wife and mother has been sure to have breakfast ready at six o'clock. The boys have

been equal to a long string of chores night and morning, and hard work, or attending school, during the day. The girls have been up and dressed by candle-light, or before sunrise in the longest days. As father comes in at the precise hour, all sit down to breakfast by candle-light in the winter and at early sunrise in the summer, happy on leaving the table, and full of expectancy for the day; the parents hastening to their work, and the children to theirs, with no abatement save a short nooning. Then, as night is approaching, it is tying up the cattle and bringing in the wood, feeding the hens and the swine, and making ready for the night. At six o'clock in the evening, the family is wont to sit down to supper, conscious of active, onerous duties done. When this meal is over, dishes are to be washed, apples to be pared, clothes to be mended, accounts to be recorded, at seasons lessons to be learned, and at half-past nine, wearied and worn, they retire, yet thoughtful and hopeful as to the morrow. Sleep is sweet, and too sound for dreams, still at the first cock-crowing they are out of bed, and are soon hard at work again; and thus it goes on, day after day, and year after year. The good air, the sunshine, pure water, and busy work are developing the children into noble, active men and women. They promise to make their parents' places more than good. They are not living for ease, but for growing character. The neighbors and friends recognize it as a sterling family. Yet, I venture to say, transplant this family to the tropical climate and luxuriant soil of Mexico, that in less than three decades, should the mem-

bers survive pestilence and contagious disease, they would lose their elastic step, the nimble movement of the hand, the sharp glance of the eye, and the pleasant, expressive tone of voice.

Perchance, the father and mother would not have lost all their force of early habits, but their children would; they might not smoke, but their children would; they might not lounge and lie about, at least half of the time, but their children would.

Really, what a retrogression! What a loss in capacity of mind and soul! With them, in such a condition, it would not be living, but simply staying. All their natural and cultured graces would not be sufficient to withstand the power of excessive heat and luxury.

Now this waking, morning after morning, to bright skies, may for a time seem deliciously sweet, but let it continue without any break for months, and its monotony must become disintegrating to the character of man. He covets change and diversity; he must experience heat and cold, joy and sorrow, to become rounded out into a full man. Therefore, I feel to affirm that our New England climate, compounded with its heat of summer and cold of winter; with its winds from the mountains and the storms from the sea; with its long days and short nights, its long nights and short days, has decided superiority over that of Mexico, Cuba, or India. The hot caresses of a tropical atmosphere will in the course of time waste the vital energy and consume the nobility of true manhood and womanhood.

CHAPTER XVI.

OBSTACLES OVERCOME.

A legend tells of a pilgrim once wandering through this land, who, as he was passing a prison-castle overlooking a charming landscape, heard a voice coming from a barred window, saying emphatically, "How beautiful! How beautiful!" Thus with dwellers, or tourists in this land, they have been wont to revel in its delights, and often been forced to exclaim, beautiful, beautiful! This has been the proem and peroration of all declaimers, historians, and essayists concerning it. The muse of her poets has not failed to sing of her cerulean skies, majestic mountains, deep dells, glassy lakes, extensive forests, grand waterfalls, and inexhaustible treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones. Her novelists have woven into their imaginative warp and woof much of the physical conditions of their country, making it to surpass all others in beauty and sublimity. Priest and layman extol it as a fairy land. In spite of persecutions and appalling revolutions the natives have clung to it with a tenacious fondness. Even foreign missionaries, after a few years' experience in it amidst sorest trials, are prone to become so wedded to it, as to long to work and die within its limits. Mexicans seldom emigrate to other lands. I know this is somewhat true of the natives among the Alps, the dwellers on the

Lebanon mountains, and the Nepaulese living under the shadows of Everest. Grandest elevations and deepest depressions are profound enchanters !

Because of material allurements, we often fail to examine, and therefore to appreciate, mental and moral conditions. Outward poetry and sentiment often blind eyes against discovering the innerly and the intrinsic. Thus it has been with Mexico, particularly since the Spanish invasion. Its purpose was, first, to gain immense treasures of gold and silver ; second, to achieve this end by the spread of Romanism ; third, to secure a large stipend to Spain. Cortez and his allies evidently felt that such an end was to be attained by reducing the natives to slavery, and demolishing their civilization and religion. As the Mexicans were overcome, they were divested of their lands and property, and these, as spoils, were divided, and put into the possession of a few lords and soldiers. As Spanish rule and religion were at once instituted, the Castilian was made the legal language of court and church ; for twenty years no printing was allowed to be done in the country ; all printed documents during that time came from Spain. Cortez and his friends aimed, it would seem, to make out the Aztecs to be as bad as possible, thinking this would be a sufficient excuse in the judgment of the world for treating them with harshest severity. The Spaniards affirmed that the natives were cruelly superstitious, yet they themselves were more so ; they described the natives as licentious and morally vicious, in this respect they surpassed them ;

they asserted that the natives were full of treachery, yet they were mere novices in this vice, compared to themselves; they said the natives sacrificed human beings, and ate their flesh, but this practice wasted little human blood, compared with the inquisition, which slaughtered the Mexicans by the thousands. They represented Montezuma to be an infuriated demon, while the truth is, he was a saint contrasted with Cortez.

After Cortez, whoever was chief in authority here, it was clutching for gold in the name of the Virgin. The natives were forced to toil from early morning till late at night for a poor subsistence. The children received no schooling, further than to learn a few passages from the catechism. All manufactories were suppressed; the common people must grind their corn for bread by hand; the tools for cultivating the land must be of the rudest make. All manufactured goods must be purchased of Spain, and paid for with gold, silver, wheat, and cotton; the land was being drained to enrich Spain. Churches were being built with money filched out of the pockets of the very poor. Priests did not attempt to alleviate the wants of the enslaved, but for the most part increased their burdens. The bishops and dignitaries were created in Spain. Enormous salaries were paid those in high stations in state and church; these ranged from twenty-five thousand dollars to one hundred and thirty thousand a year. All the easy and lucrative benefices came into the hands of Spaniards; only their sons, or descendants, stood the least chance of being promoted to honorable

stations. The curates that ministered to the needs of the commonality were poorly paid, and, if of Indian extraction, they stood no chance of being promoted. The Latin race alone was to be advanced and perpetuated in Mexico, and the Spaniards claimed to have come from that source.

As the years rolled round, the Aztecs could see that their race was losing ground, and that their country was being shorn of its wealth and beauty; the future, indeed, did look ominous to them. No improvement was being made in mining, cultivating the soil, or in household affairs; the adobe cabin was good enough for the peons. The land owners lived abroad, or in the large cities. Their chief study was to get the largest returns possible from their haciendas. The peons could not even own the land on which they built their huts; the best they could do was to lease it for a few years at a time; they could not help understanding that they were naught but tools in the grasp of merciless lords.

During this state of things, the Spaniards were picturing New Spain as in a flourishing condition. They represented that their main drawback was the stupidity and obstinacy of the Aztecs. They made startling pretensions in various directions, and among others was that they had founded a university in the City of Mexico which was working wonders for the country; but it was an institution more in name than in fact. At its best, it was not anything more than a second-rate academy, and never had at any one time two hundred students.

When the country was being pictured in flying colors as most prosperous, an humble prelate in Dolores was faithfully serving his nation and his parishioners; he comprehended the deficiencies, and realized the demands, and so was teaching his disciples not only spiritual things, but how to grow the grape and raise the mulberry. His people were really advancing in thought and physical culture; pastor and people were happy and hopeful; he had spent more than two score years in the Master's service, and had reached the age of sixty.

As his bishop and the Spanish authorities ascertained what had been done through his purpose and assistance, they were enraged, and ordered the vines to be pulled up, and the trees to be forthwith cut down; they had forbidden anything to be grown here that was being produced in Spain, fearing lest this would work against the welfare of the mother country, for she was bound to be served at the expense of other lands.

Now this was more than the good priest Hidalgo could endure, therefore, he rose in rebellion, followed by his people and throngs of others from different states, feeling that such soul- and flesh-crushing reign must at least be stayed. He realized that for centuries his race had been under the Spanish harrow, and had been terribly mangled. He believed in his innermost heart that God's time had come for an uprising of the people, and a breaking of tyrannical bonds. He was fully prepared to die for the freedom of his race, and, in the course of a few months, he did seal his cause with his blood, which

did graciously serve to nourish its roots and branches, and in 1821, just three hundred years after Cortez set up his standard, and so established the dominion of Spain in Mexico in 1521, was reared the escutcheon of Hidalgo, inscribed with the eagle and cactus, divine emblems of the Aztecs.

Why, only see that people, degraded by the rasping influences of a powerful nation during three centuries! They have no knowledge of grammar, yet speaking as many as five different languages; they have no facilities for inter-communication; they have no railroads, no telegraphs, not so much as established lines of postmen, yet they have asserted by divine right their independence of Spain, and declared their land a republic.

How often it is that men, when pushed to the wall, do far better than they purposed. For years after Mexico had severed herself from Spain, her course was a checkered one. Political aspirants blocked the wheels of progress. The royalist Iturbide pushed himself to the front of the government, who wrought first and last for himself; he, at length, was removed by Santa Anna, who was crafty, subtle, and wore as surely two faces as did the god, Janus. He was loved and hated; he was elected to office at one time, and impeached at another. He struck hands with our government, and the result was the Mexican war; however, this was not sufficient cause or grievance for that war, which would not have taken place had it not been for the lurking desire on the part of many American citizens to have more slave territory.

This was the secret, and so from a slight pretext war was declared, and our army marched openly into the Aztec land, battling against the enemy without treachery, gaining victory after victory, and came out of the country triumphant, fixing the boundary in the treaty between Mexico and the States along the Rio Grande river and over the Rockies to the Pacific ocean, securing the gold state to the United States. History never will crown our nation with a mead of honor for going into that war; still, I doubt not it was overruled for good by a power higher than man. It was instrumental in dethroning Santa Anna, and paved the way for the missionary to enter the benighted and ill-treated country.

Strange to record, five years after this, Santa Anna was recalled, but was kept in power only one year, for during that time he announced himself Permanent Dictator with the modest title, "His Serene Highness." He was speedily thrust from his highness, and the true patriot Alvarez was made president, and he fortunately selected for his secretary of judicial, religious, and educational affairs the Indian, Benito Juarez, a Christian statesman and scholar.

The first work they attempted to do was to draft a constitution for the organization and government of their beloved land; and in the winter of 1857, they published an instrument in the name of God and by the authority of the Mexican people, which Mr. Seward pronounced "to be the best instrument of its kind in the world."

This constitution gave them a president, vice-presi-

dent, a congress of two branches, and a judiciary court. At length, Secretary Juarez was elected president by the people. He realized that the church, as it was being managed, was a fearful drain upon the country. It was filching from the people, most of whom were very poor, for its support some two million, five hundred thousand dollars annually. Nearly one third of the real estate and one half of the fixed property connected with the municipalities were in the possession of the church, amounting to more than two hundred million dollars. He caused all this to be nationalized, setting apart churches amply sufficient to meet the needs of the people, leasing the same, free of expense, to church authorities for the term of ninety-nine years. Many convents, monasteries, buildings of different religious orders, and the Inquisition were sold to replenish the state treasury. This was a bold but just movement, giving all the right to think and do as an enlightened conscience might dictate. This immediately changed the order of things and breathed new life into the nation. The masses of the people gave Juarez hearty support. They felt that they had been priest-ridden, and longed to be set free from any such unrighteousness.

About this period, our nation was being involved in a terrific civil war. Some of the great powers across the Atlantic felt, *now* is the time to demolish the republic of Mexico and establish an empire in its stead. England, France, and Spain combined to accomplish such a result. These nations had financial investments or loans in the country: England had nearly seventy million dollars;

Spain, ten million ; and France, three million. At first agents were sent from these countries to examine into the financial status of Mexico and get fullest security ; but France at the same time shipped seven thousand soldiers. This signified war and opened the eyes of England and Spain, and, as they recalled the Monroe treaty, they felt it was best for them to withdraw from the field ; for they could read between the lines that Napoleon III. was planning to get New Spain under his control. Upon this, Napoleon and Pio Nono induced Maximilian to become their tool, and they commissioned him and his consort, Carlotta, henceforth, to be the Emperor and Empress of Mexico. They were vain and weak enough to accept the ruse. As we have already seen, they came to the country with the royal trappings of a kingly court and usurped the reins of government from the hands of the noble Juarez by martial prowess, without any leave or let, so far as the people were concerned. He assumed at once that the Mexican people were to allow him for his services an annual salary of one million, five hundred thousand dollars ; five million for the clergy, and thirty million for military and civil services.

After this manner was Maximilian to establish a Neopolitic and Romanish empire, which they anticipated would be but the beginning of empires in the New World. The Emperor did become so far established in his new realm as to be recognized by Jefferson Davis, who was at the head of the Confederacy, and was congratulated by the latter on his eminent and successful attainment.

But Maximilian's career as emperor was run in three troublous years. How could it have been otherwise, for he had been sowing to the wind with the certainty of reaping the whirlwind! In his extremity, he was deserted by his sworn friends, Napoleon and Pius Ninus. Poor, deluded Maximilian and Carlotta! His end was lamentable, and her lot at the castle of Miramar is heart-rending.

At the close of the French intervention, President Juarez was recalled from his exile to preside over the Mexican people. Upon his return and assuming authority, he issued the succeeding proclamation:

"Let the Mexican people fall on their knees before God, who has deigned to crown our arms with victory. He has afflicted the foreigner who has oppressed us sorely. He has established these, his people, in their rightful place. For He, who has his habitation in the heavens, is the visitor and protector of our country against him who came to do us ill. The excellent, the only just, almighty, and Eternal One is He who hath dispersed the nations which, like vultures, had fallen on Mexico."

This shows the man, grand and exalted. By his loyalty and self-sacrifice, he endeared himself in the hearts of the people, as did our beloved Lincoln, and living and dying, he gave new life to his country.

CHAPTER XVII.

MEXICAN PROGRESS.

Porferio Diaz was the successor to the lamented Juarez, a gifted, high-minded, and cultured man of entire Aztec descent. He came into the chair of state because the people called him in 1876, and for most of the time since, he has continued as president to the gratification of the Liberals and the best people. Since the fall of Maximilian great strides have been made. At that time, there were less than a hundred miles of railroad in the country, while now there are more than seven thousand and many more in prospect. Then only the chief towns were wired with telegraphs, while now a web of wires extend from all over the land to the capital. Then but one bank was in the country, now a score exist doing good business. Then the national debt of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars was increasing yearly, now it is not permitted to increase, and the interest is promptly paid. The silver mines are yielding double what they did ten years ago. At the present time, much foreign capital is being invested in lands, mines, and factories. The drainage of the City of Mexico has been effected at an expense of fifteen millions of dollars, and now it will become one of the healthiest cities on the globe.

President Diaz does not approve of the bull-fight or

the cockpit, but he does believe in the public school. The illiteracy of half a century ago is disappearing. Four decades since the total sum yearly expended by the government for schools would not have equalled ten thousand dollars, now it exceeds five millions. Formerly, the Catholics took little interest in general education, further than to have the children memorize the catechism, but now wherever the government, or a Protestant sect, establishes a school, they aim to plant two. The president has been instrumental in having five good normal schools founded in different cities, which are being well patronized, and are sending out thoroughly-qualified teachers.

The separation of church and state has worked marvels for the public school, and the diffusion of general knowledge. The children are being taught to think, and so enabled to choose between right and wrong.

In the larger towns and important cities, colleges and professional schools are established, which are doing the people good service. The government is also supporting schools of law, medicine, agriculture, the fine arts, music, and military science. Its asylums for the blind, the deaf and dumb, and charitable institutions for the poor, are numerous and commendable.

The chief magistrate is a broad man, mentally, morally, and religiously. Though a Catholic, he is very friendly to Protestants, giving them cordial welcome to any part of his dominion; he appreciates the good which they have already achieved. He can plainly see that the sixty con-

gregations, the sixteen thousand communicants with seven thousand children in day schools, and ten thousand in Sunday-schools, are stimulating the people in the right direction. Their books and papers, published in the native languages and freely circulated, are spreading intelligence and enterprise among the common people; these are changing the tone and character of the newspapers of the land; although the latter have not been numerous, nevertheless, they have been narrow, failing to bring the most important facts to the minds of their readers. Of the fifteen papers published in the metropolis, only two of them have aimed to give the people the news of the day, and these have had but a small circulation; still the daily journal, entitled the *Two Republics*, printed in English, together with the mission papers, have effected a radical change as to what a paper should be, and have opened the way for the Associated Press to be published in the City of Mexico, which meets the heartiest approval of the President.

Another decided improvement, introduced by the missions, is that of text-books, which are the best published, being beautifully illustrated, and finely printed upon good paper, which have proved most helpful to children and parents. The Catholics, wherever they have had perfect control of schools, have paid little attention to text-books. Thus it was in Italy and France, previous to the separation of state and church. The fact is, the Catholics have provided—comparatively speaking—few text-books, either of a primary or higher grade: their thought and interest

have run in an entirely different channel. It was formerly thus as to school houses and school rooms. Why should not religious competition, as well as social and civil, work good results?

President Diaz loves his race and all the subjects of his republic, and seems bound, so far as it lies in his power, to have justice done every one, whether high or low, black or white, pedant or savant. He is an economist in the highest sense, looking out not to have his subjects overtaxed, nor to have the expenditures exceed the revenues. His own salary is less than that of the president of the United States, showing that he is not after the spoils of office, but is concerned for the welfare of his country.

He expresses himself as very friendly to our republic. The fact that he is so kindly disposed to the missionaries, who without a single exception are from the States, is indubitable proof of his good-will towards our nation; and ought it not to induce us in every practicable way to reciprocate all favors, and even go so far as to return the cannon, the standards, in short all the plunder captured by our army in the Mexican War? This would be courteous, giving cheer to a struggling republic which is deserving to live, and promises at no distant day to become one of the bright stars in the galaxy of freedom.

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